This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07484572 2

Johnson
N21

THE

WORKS

OF THE

NGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

IOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY J. RIVINGTON;

'OR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, T. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

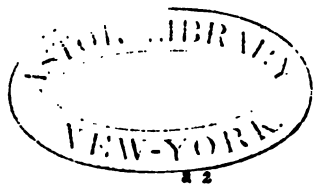
OF

LYTTELTON,

WEST,

AND

GRAY.



THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.

II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON.

III. JEALOUSY. To EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;

IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whoſe pendent ſhades o'erlook'd a ſilver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he ſtray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every ſavage a defenceleſs prey;
No ſenſe of intereſt could their maſter move,
And every care ſeem'd trifling now but love.
A while in penſive ſilence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd
At length the thoughts within his boſom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

"Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who ſo long
"Have favor'd Damon, and inſpir'd his ſong;
"For whom, retir'd, I ſhun the gay reſorts
"Of ſportful cities, and of pompous courts;
"In vain I bid the reſtleſs world adieu,
"To ſeek tranquillity and peace with you.
"Though wild Ambition, and deſtructive Rage,
"No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
"Though Envy frowns not on your humble ſhade
"Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
"Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breaſt,
"Too often violates your boaſted reſt;
"With inbred ſtorms diſturbs your calm retreat,
"And taints with bitterneſs each rural ſweet.
"Ah luckleſs day! when firſt with fond ſurprize
"On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
"Then in wild tumults all my ſoul was toſt,
"Then reaſon, liberty, at once were loſt:

"An

" And every wiſh, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too ſhe ſmil'd: can ſmiles our peace deſtroy,
" Thoſe lovely children of Content and Joy?
" How can ſoft pleaſure and tormenting woe
" From the ſame ſpring at the ſame moment flow?
" Unhappy boy! theſe vain enquiries ceaſe,
" Thought could not guard, nor will reſtore, thy peace:
" Indulge the frenzy that thou muſt endure,
" And ſooth the pain thou know'ſt not how to cure.
" Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
" How kind ſhe was, and with what pleaſing art
" She ſtrove its fondeſt wiſhes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faſter bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
" To me alone ſhe gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taſte, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my ſong found ſomething to admire.
" By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
" The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
" The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
" When laſt I ſaw her, and declar'd my fire
" In words as ſoft as paſſion could inſpire,
" Coldly ſhe heard, and full of ſcorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one ſweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who ſees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by ſudden tempeſts torn,
" Whoſe faireſt hopes deſtroy'd and blaſted lie,
" Feels not ſo keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah, how have I deſerv'd, inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful ſervice thus repaid?
" Were all the marks of kindneſs I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and dec
" Or did you only nurſe my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred pro
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In ſuch a gentle, ſuch a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds amc
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts ſo y
" No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modeſty that ſeem'd diſdain,
" And her heart ſuffer'd when ſhe gave me pair
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-ſ
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the ſetting ſun more fiercely burn'd;
Blue vapours roſe along the mazy rills,
And light's laſt bluſhes ting'd the diſtant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards LORD MELCOMBE REG

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that ſhephe
Like thoſe that warbling hail the genial
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artleſs reeds
From Love alone their melody proceeds.

om Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
:arnt the wild ſweetneſs of his Doric ſtrains.
)ung Maro, touch'd by his inſpiring dart,
)uld charm each ear, and ſoften every heart:
e too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
y ruſtic pipe in pleaſing concert join *.
Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
) more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
it call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
nd told his joy to all the rural throng.
" Bleſt be the hour, he ſaid, that happy hour,
When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care
Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a ſhade,
Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid;
There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
When ſwains their ſportives rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—heavens! with what grace ſhe
" mov'd!
Who could have ſeen her then, and not have lov'd?
I ſtrove not to reſiſt ſo ſweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.

* Mr. Doddington had written ſome very pretty love-verſes, which have never been publiſhed. LYTTELT.

" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of *joy*
" Can no reverſe thy flattering bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd her
" cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break?
" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin, my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Given with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the Muſe on lofty Bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bower?
" Light gales have chac'd the late impending ſhower;
" Th' emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
" The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown
" All nature ſmiles.—Will only Delia frown?

" Har

" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While every flower of every ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flowery couches ſleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
" If all the gems in Eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride ſhould ſhine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove;
" The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their favourite ſwain.
" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove,

" I beg

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her ſhepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her enquiring ſight,
" And ſhew my merits in the faireſt light;
" My pipe your kind aſſiſtance ſhall repay,
" And every friend ſhall claim a different lay.
" But ſee! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air —
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet —
" O, may I find her as we parted laſt,
" And may each future hour be like the paſt!
" So ſhall the whiteſt lamb theſe paſtures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliſs ſincere;
Wealth is diſturb'd by care, and power by fear.
Of all the paſſions that employ the mind,
In gentle Love the ſweeteſt joys we find;
Yet ev'n thoſe joys dire Jealouſy moleſts,
And blackens each fair image in our breaſts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the ſharpneſs of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy miſtreſs juſt,
And wiſely take thy happineſs on truſt.

Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger labouring in his breaſt —
The vale beneath a pleaſing proſpect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, a while the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But ſoon the ſtrings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
"Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
"May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
"That triumphs now in that deluding face!
"Thoſe alter'd looks may every ſhepherd fly,
"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!
"Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
"To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?
"Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
"Againſt whoſe power no ties have ſtrength to bind?

"Has

" Has he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
" To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
" Has he with tranſport every ſmile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
" He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
" His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
" O pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
" Thoſe balmy lips which I was wont to preſs:
" Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
" And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!
" I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my cloſ'd eye had ſunk in endleſs night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
" Where-e'er they paſs'd, be blaſted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!—
" Ah wretched ſwain, could no examples move
" Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
" Haſt thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
" Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentleſs maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
" Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;

" Then

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find,
" And reſt, as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
" No, let me live, her falſehood to upbraid:
" Some gods perhaps my juſt revenge will aid. —
" Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, wouldſt thou receive?
" Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
" Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
" The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe:
" I aſk no vengeance from the powers above;
" All I implore is never more to love. —
" Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear,
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
" Wearied, at length, I ſeek thy downy reſt:
" No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
" My future eaſe with flattering hopes of joy.
" Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye ſylvans, hear
" What by your guardian deities I ſwear;
" No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms,
" No more I'll court the traitoreſs to my arms;
" Not all her arts my ſteady ſoul ſhall move,
" And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!" —
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

POS-

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE I.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whoſe guiding judgment gives me ſkill to ſing
Though far unequal to thoſe poliſh'd ſtrains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the liſtening plain
Yet ſhall its muſic pleaſe thy partial ear,
And ſooth thy breaſt with thoughts that once were dear
Recal thoſe years which time has thrown behind,
When ſmiling Love with Honour ſhar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of proſperous fight
Delighted leſs than one ſucceſsful night.
The ſweet remembrance ſhall thy youth reſtore,
Fancy again ſhall run paſt pleaſures o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you ſtray,
This theme may help to cheat the ſummer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a ruſtic altar ſtood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy ſhade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wiſdom play'd.
Nor there, in ſprightly Pleaſure's genial train,
Lurk'd ſick Diſguſt, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Intereſt, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love conſenting tied the bliſsful bands,

That

Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bleſs'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous god! before whoſe hallow'd ſhrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modeſty reluctant ſtrove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young deſires!
" Long ſhall my heart preſerve thy pleaſing fires,
' Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
' As fondly languiſh, and as fiercely burn.
'" O the dear bloom of laſt propitious night!
' O ſhade more charming than the faireſt light!
' Then in my arms I claſp'd the melting maid,
' Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
' Then firſt the ſweet exceſs of bliſs I prov'd,
' Which none can taſte but who like me have lov'd.
' Thou too, bright goddeſs, once, in Ida's grove,
' Didſt not diſdain to meet a ſhepherd's love;
' With him, while friſking lambs around you play'd,
' Conceal'd you ſported in the ſecret ſhade:
' Scarce could Anchiſes' raptures equal mine,
' And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once moſt valued joys?
' Inſipid trifles all, and childiſh toys—
' Friendſhip itſelf ne'er knew a charm like this,
' Nor Colin's talk could pleaſe like Delia's kiſs.
" Ye Muſes, ſkill'd in every winning art,
' Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;

" Ye

" Ye nymphs, to her your freſheſt roſes bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the ſpring;
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May ſhe ne'er want, nor ever loſe, a friend!
" May ſome new pleaſure every hour employ:
" But let her Damon be her higheſt joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I ſtay,
" All night careſs thee, and admire all day;
" In the ſame field our mingled flocks we 'll fee
" To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead,
" Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils,
" Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
" Delightful ſtate, where Peace and Love combi
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery m
" Here riſing foreſts lift their verdant heads;
" Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
" And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
" When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'e
" And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
" When Time no longer will thy beauties ſpare
" And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death
" At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath
" May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
" And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade!
" Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender verſe,
" Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
" And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

)LILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

[WAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and ſober reading tir'd;
re, melancholy, penſive, and alone,
meditates on the forſaken town:
her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
figh'd, and thus in plaintive accents ſaid:
Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
'o move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
Vhat worth have all the charms our pride can boaſt,
f all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
Vhere none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excell;
Vhere none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
eauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhown;
oth moſt are valued, where they beſt are known.
/ith every grace of nature or of art,
/e cannot break one ſtubborn country heart:
'he brutes, inſenſible, our power defy:
'o love, exceeds a 'ſquire's capacity.
'he town, the court, is Beauty's proper ſphere;
'hat is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
ı that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
he court of Britain is the court of Love.
ow has my conſcious heart with triumph glow'd,
ow have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport ſhew'd,

" At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-night ball, to ſee
" The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's f
" When rival ſtateſmen for my favour ſtrove,
" Leſs jealous in their power than in their love.
" Chang'd is the ſcene; and all my glories die,
" Like flowers tranſplanted to a colder ſky:
" Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dre
" day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer
" (For dullneſs ever muſt be regular.)
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there;
" From books to work, from work to books, I
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!—
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch ev'n age would
" Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring Nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!

O'

" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
" Let me revisit the dear town again:
" Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
" All other wishes my own power would gain."

B L E N H E I M.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whose skilful hand first taught
The towering pile to rise, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Assistant I invoke, that means to sing
Blenheim, proud monument of British fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didst to his virtue raise, whom oft thy shield
In peril guarded, and thy wisdom steer'd
Through all the storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, sylvan Muse, who lov'st to rove
Along the shady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodstock's happy grove: there tuning sweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive listen; let thy warbling song
Paint with melodious praise the pleasing scene,
And equal these to Pindus' honor'd shades.
When Europe freed, confess'd the saving power
Of Malborough's hand; Britain, who sent him forth

Chief of Confederate hoſts, to fight the cauſe
Of Liberty and Juſtice, grateful rais'd
This palace, ſacred to her leader's fame:
A trophy of ſucceſs; with ſpoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auſpicious field, where Churchill's ſword
Vanquiſh'd the might of Gallia, and chaſtis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majeſtic in its ſtrength,
Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.
Hail, happy chief, whoſe valour could deſerve
Reward ſo glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'ſt his ſervice with ſo rich a meed!
Which moſt ſhall I admire, which worthieſt praiſe,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal ſcale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of Gratitude to us.—Bluſh, Cæſar, bluſh,
When thou behold'ſt theſe towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of ſhame! Canſt thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an Engliſh arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we diſdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Still thy obdurate heart againſt the ſenſe
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankleſs world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme, her taſk the Muſe
Purſues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapeſtry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint

various-colour'd ſilks, diſpos'd with ſkill,
tracts her curious eye. Here Iſter rolls
purple wave; and there the Granick flood
th paſſing ſquadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
s from the ſword of Britain; there to Greece
minate Perſia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
rlborough and Alexander vie for fame
th glorious competition; equal both
valour and in fortune: but their praiſe
different, for with different views they fought;
is to *ſubdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
Now, through the ſtately portals iſſuing forth,
e Muſe to ſofter glories turns, and ſeeks
e woodland ſhade, delighted. Not the vale
Tempe fam'd in ſong, or Ida's grove,
h beauty boaſts. Amid the mazy gloom
this romantic wilderneſs once ſtood
e bower of Roſamonda, hapleſs fair,
red to Grief and Love; the cryſtal fount
which ſhe us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
ll warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd ſhe ſits
ſide its flowery brink, and views thoſe charms
hich only Roſamond could once excell.
t ſee where, flowing with a nobler ſtream,
limpid lake of pureſt waters rolls
neath the wide-ſtretch'd arch, ſtupendous work,
hrough which the Danube might collected pour
s ſpacious urn! Silent a while and ſmooth
he current glides, till with an headlong force

Broke and diſorder'd, down the ſteep it falls.
In loud cafcades; the ſilver-ſparkling foam
Glitters reluctent in the dancing ray.
In theſe retreats repos'd the mighty ſoul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and ſtate,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and ſooth'd his thought
With pleaſing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd ſucceſsful war
Againſt the pride of Aſia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whoſe aſpiring mind
No loſſes could ſubdue, enrich'd with ſpoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement paſt
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm ſhades of honourable eaſe,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent He
Gave a companion to his ſofter hours,
With whom converſing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of ſtate, and in her mind
Found greatneſs equal to his own, and lov'd
Himſelf in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondneſs join'd:
Like two fair ſtars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together ſhone,
Aiding each other's brightneſs, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.

Thee, Churchill, firſt the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſooths her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly ſtands,
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings; his hand
Graſps Victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube ſought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill
A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! This, with better auſpices,
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves

First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

AY, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
st thou the sacred volumes oft explore
wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
here virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
once exalts and polishes the mind?
w, different from our modern guilty art,
hich pleases only to corrupt the heart;
hose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
d teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
ost thou in sage historians joy to see
ow Roman greatness rose with liberty;
ow the same hands that tyrants durst control
heir empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
ill wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
he proud luxurious masters of mankind?
oft thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
ach grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;
et in her troubled state see all the woes,
nd all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
ill, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
r weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
he sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
he slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?

Does

Does calm Philoſophy her aid impart,
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doſe,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd, repoſe;
But Reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Diſpel the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her mild guide!

* Bp. Hough.

generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
› emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
arn from his life the duties of the gown;
arn, not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
ır, baſely ſervile, court the guilty great,
r raiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
› error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
:k not to ſpread the *law of love* by fear.
ıe prieſt who plagues the world can never mend;
› foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
t reaſon and let virtue faith maintain;
l force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
res that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
various knowlédge to improve my youth,
ıd conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
large my notions, and my views extend;
ıe uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
hich books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.
A nation here I pity and admire,
hom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
t taught, by cuſtom's force and bigot fear,
ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:
oſe nobles, born to cringe and to command,
ı courts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
ım each low tool of power, content receive
oſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
ıoſe people (vain in want, in bondage bleſt;
ough plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, though oppreſt)

With

With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate.

Yet here the Muſes deign'd a while to
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a favouring cour
Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe, and ſharp i
Who, from the ancients, like the ancient
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſ
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille
Heroic thoughts, with Shakeſpeare's forc
Now ſweet Racine, with milder influence
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.

With mingled pain and pleaſure, I ſur
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects'
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and po
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatt
And painted triumphs ſtyle Ambition GR
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades l
Where Condé from an envious court wit
Where, ſick of glory, faction, power, a
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had

* The victories of Louis the Fourteen
the galleries of Verſailles.
† Chantilly.

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue clos'd.
With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury *:
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind!
O native iſle, fair Freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No power can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs, with pious love, the ſacred earth
That gave a Byrleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice,
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories, ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were free!

TO

* St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNT

Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of Soisso in 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe pr
guide;
Thou to whom greatneſs, rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toil of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?
Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philoſophy reſign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Juſt is the wiſh. For ſure the happieſt meed,
To favour'd man by ſmiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praiſe, who, from the world retir'
By no enlivening generous paſſion fir'd,
On flowery couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who fears bright Glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and Truth on all his moments wait,
Bleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.
So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
Then peace reſtor'd ſhall, on her downy wing,
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then, to the ſhades of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Bleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Though wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul,
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.—
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The

The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt:
Bids every gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fir
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of ever-gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!
Thy ſoul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For Heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
" A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
" With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd

" W

hoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
ſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs:
ıy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat, ſhall ſhare;
reeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
:r ſmiles the taſte of every joy ſhall raiſe,
nd add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
ll charm'd you own the truth my verſe would
" prove,
hat happineſs is near allied to love."

RSES to be written under a PICTURE of Mr. POYNTZ.

JCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who ſhall find
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
ind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
e without art; without ambition great;
ugh firm, yet pliant; active, though ſedate;
h all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
better ſtill by native prudence taught;
ıt, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
ı pity frailties it could never feel;
ıt, when Misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
at ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
ıt, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
piſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
ıt, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
uld for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. P

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muſe
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove,
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ
Inſpir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, chear'd with ſumme
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate;

Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupplied the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mouldering ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe horrid ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flowers I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:
"Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
"Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
"When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
"To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
"Great bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
"If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
"Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,

" No more let meaner ſatire dim the rays
" That flow majeſtic from thy nobler bays;
" In all the flowery paths of Pindus ſtray,
" But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
" Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
" Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
" Of thee more worthy were the taſk, to raiſe
" A laſting column to thy country's praiſe;
" To ſing the land, which yet alone can boaſt
" That liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
" Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
" And plants her palm beneath the olive's ſhade.
" Such was the theme for which my lyre I ſtrung
" Such was the people whoſe exploits I ſung;
" Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd
" With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crow
" Dauntleſs oppoſers of tyrannic ſway,
" But pleas'd a mild Auguſtus to obey.
" If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
" Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live,
" Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire;
" And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
" Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy lays,
" And join the patriot's to the poet's praiſe."

TO

LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worceſterſhire.

"Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
"Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
"Eſt ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus." HOR.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to ſhine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long abſent and forgotten friend;
Who, after ſeas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native ſhore,
From all that 's gay retir'd, and all that 's great,
Beneath the ſhades of his paternal ſeat,
Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's ſtyle;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies,
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forc'd by toilſome art and wild deſire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire,

But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may ſhare.
Yet half mankind this eaſy good diſdain,
Nor reliſh happineſs unbought by pain;
Falſe is their taſte of bliſs, and thence their ſe
is vain.
So idle, yet ſo reſtleſs, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging win
Through various toils to ſeek Content we roar
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at ho
For not the ceaſeleſs change of ſhifted place
Can from the heart a ſettled grief eraſe,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the diſtemper'd mind of aking care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rov
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whoſe rooted point his bleeding boſom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himſelf that torment which he flies.
For how ſhould ills, which from our paſſio
Be chang'd by Africk's heat, or Ruſſia's ſnow
Or how can aught but powerful reaſon cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is He, and He alone, who knows
His heart's uneaſy diſcord to compoſe;
In generous love of others good, to find
The ſweeteſt pleaſures of the ſocial mind;
To bound his wiſhes in their proper ſphere;
To nouriſh pleaſing hope, and conquer anxio

the wiſdom ancient ſages taught,
the ſovereign good they juſtly ſought;
place or climate is confin'd,
e native produce of the mind.
ık, my Lord, that courts to you deny
practice of philoſophy:
ıe wiſeſt of the tuneful choir,
s choſe from greatneſs to retire;
e palace of Auguſtus, knew
unerring maxims to purſue,
the Sabine or the Velian ſhade,
ınd his happineſs he made.
ı, my friend, by his example taught,
e giddy ſcene with ſober thought;
every glittering folly ſee,
: midſt of ſlaviſh forms be free;
centre keep your ſteady mind,
ıce guide you, but let Honour bind.
ı manners, act the courtier's part;
ɔuntry gentleman at heart.

ICE TO A LADY. 1731.

ounſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear,
flatteries of a lover's pen,
ı as women ſeldom learn from men.

Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I
What female vanity might fear to know
Some merit 's mine, to dare to be ſincer
But greater yours, ſincerity to bear.

Hard is the fortune that your ſex attenc
Women, like princes, find few real friend
All who approach them their own ends pur
Lovers and Miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtr
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betray
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power ar
When moſt ye tyrannize, you're moſt abus'

What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? —To be fai
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſc
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is g
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can mo
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.

Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:

Of thoſe who claim it more than half have none;
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.
Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts:
For you, the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knaviſh fool.*
Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſcnates or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.
Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chuſe; but then be fondly kind.

The

h heart, that but by halves is given,
d no place in Love's delightful heaven;
et extremes alone can truly bleſs:
ue of a lover is exceſs.
id unaſk'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
ing *firſt*, but loving *wrong*, is ſhame,
emn the little pride of giving pain,
ink that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain.
is the period of inſulting power:
ded Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
will reſume the empire which he gave,
ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.
eſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
oſe ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſt,
s every vanity in fondneſs loſt,
d aſks no power but that of pleaſing moſt:
rs is the bliſs, in juſt return, to prove
he honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
r her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
nd gratitude forbid deſire to change.
But, leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reaſon teach what Paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence ſhould be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;

And

d that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
:s but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
ıile both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
ıan the ſad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
ıan ſell your violated charms for gain;
ıan wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe or hate,
r the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
ıe moſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
ho not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
ır aught avails the ſpecious name of *wife*;
maid ſo wedded is *a whore for life.*
Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where favouring Heaven
ıs equal love and eaſy fortune given,
ıink not, the Huſband gain'd, that all is done:
ıe prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won:
ıd oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
ıe *lover* in the *huſband* may be loſt;
ıe Graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
'ey and the Virtues *meeting* muſt *ſecure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
f care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs*.
'om kind concern about his weal or woe,
:t each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow.
he *houſhold ſceptre* if he bids you bear,
lake it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
ndearing thus the common acts of life,
he *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
.nd wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
efore his eye perceives one beauty gone:

Ev'n

Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improv
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder, to ſecure my own
Againſt the power of thoſe already known:
For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III. Will

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

An Imitation of Horace and Lydia.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has ſtol'n a part;
Reaſon theſe fears may diſapprove:
But yet I fear, becauſe I love.

DELIA.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falſehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;

You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confeſ
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;
Too well the Lover's part you pla
With too much art your court you
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the diſgu

DAMON.

Ah! ceaſe thus idly to moleſt
With groundleſs fears thy virgin b
While thus at fancied wrongs you
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth
My fooliſh heart believes you juſt:
Reaſon this faith may diſapprove;
But I believe, becauſe I love.

O D E,

IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

(" O primavera gioventu del anno.")

Written Abroad in 1729.

I.

ARENT of blooming flowers and gay deſires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
hoſe approach, inſpir'd with equal fires,
ie amorous Nightingale and Poet ſing!

II.

n doſt thou return, but not with thee
turn the ſmiling hours I once poſſeſt;
ngs thou bring'ſt to others, but to me
ie ſad remembrance that I once was bleſt.

III.

faded charms, which Winter ſnatch'd away,
new'd in all their former luſtre ſhine;
ah! no more ſhall hapleſs I be gay,
know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

igh-linnets ſing, though flowers adorn the green,
ough on their wings ſoft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
i is the muſic, joyleſs is the ſcene,
ie odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIB

Tranſlated, 1729-30.

(" Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat a

LET others heap of wealth a ſhining
And, much poſſeſſing, labour ſtill fo
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure, and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful
I 'll waſte the wintery hours in ſocial mirth
In Summer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In Autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpo
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother
With her I 'll celebrate each gladſome day
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacch
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's b
At night, how ſoothing would it be to he
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling nea

r, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
lumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhower!
ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
n ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
n tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore;
but, idly lolling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
lear cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
'or what reward ſo rich could Fortune give,
That I by abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
.et Great Meſſalla ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Ae Beauty holds, in ſtrong though gentle chains,
'ar from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
Iow would I ſlight Ambition's painful praiſe!
Iow would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
)n thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
Iow downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who ſleeps not by his fair-one's ſide,
)eteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſperous war can give;
Though through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.

No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; leſt on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death nor parting ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We 'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all buſineſs, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the reſt.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Eſteem can move,
Which can be juſt and kind?

II.

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that Love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

Written at Mr. POPE's Houſe at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. GREVILLE.

In Auguſt, 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery ſide:

II.

Thy flowery ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The Muſes' green retreat,
With every ſmile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, ſweet Bard, thy heavenly ſong
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory loſt too long
Thy once-lov'd ſhades deplore.

IV.

Yet ſtill, for beauteous Greville's ſake,
The Muſes here remain;
Greville, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of every ſwain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair
But Love can hope, where Reaſon would deſpair.

To Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM *.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

* See the Inſcriptions in Mr. Weſt's Poems.

O MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd
I ſung my amorous ſtrains:
So ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be expreſs'd,
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my abſent fair
(His richeſt treaſure) careful Love had ſtor'd:

II.

In every word a magic ſpell I found
Of power to charm each buſy thought to reſt;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt.

III.

III.

ɔ to his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
And loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
et wiſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or ſecure delight.

IV.

h! ſhould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldſt thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
ear not thy letters ſhould the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

V.

ot one kind word ſhall in my power remain,
A painful witneſs of reproach to thee;
nd leſt my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
My heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS, IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

AIR Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected in the ſilver lake,
ieſe humble offerings, which thy ſervant pays,
Freſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If

II.

If leſs my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
And there let ſad Deſpair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my ſoul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wiſh, nor other object knows;
Oh! make her, Goddeſs, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe!

IV.

No watchful ſpies I aſk, to guard her charms,
No walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's ſureſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd, with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II.

't he repair'd with eager feet
ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lime:
e would have fondly met him there,
ıd heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

It was not thus, inconſtant maid!
You acted once," (the ſhepherd ſaid)
"When love was in its prime:"
ıe griev'd to hear him thus complain;
nd would have writ, to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

ow can you act ſo cold a part?
o crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
'e ſoon muſt part for months, for years—
ıe would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

TO THE SAME.

OUR ſhape, your lips, your eyes, are ſtill the ſame,
l the bright object of my conſtant flame;
: where is now the tender glance, that ſtole,
th gentle ſweetneſs, my enchanted ſoul?

Kind

Kind fears, impatient wiſhes, ſoft deſires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inſpires?
Theſe, theſe are loſt; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, ſtill unchang'd, ſtill doating to exceſs,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you leſs;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpuniſh'd ſhall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can mov
Were far more bleſt, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I ſay to my heart, "Be at reſt, and believe
"That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will lea

II.

But, ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my l
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while preſent, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
ſ every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies;
ıd meaſure time, by joy ſucceeding joy!

when the cares that interrupt our bliſs
› me not always will thy ſight allow;
ı oft with kind impatience look on this,
ıen every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

ſylvan ſcenes with artleſs beauty gay,
Ye gentle ſhades of Wickham, ſay,
t is the charm that each ſucceſſive year,
hich ſees me with my Lucy here,
n thus to my tranſported heart
ıſe of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
the fair jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe?

Her

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming ſtore
Of rural bliſs, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant ſide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No ſweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love theſe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving ſun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beſtow,
Was given to me in this auſpicious bower.

IV.

Here firſt my Lucy, ſweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the bliſsful fires
Of innocent deſires,
While Venus ſcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ſtrange increaſe of joy
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If ſuch another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. A.D. 1747.

" Ipſe cavâ ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
" Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
" Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length eſcap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
hat in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare;
force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
neath the gloom of this embowering ſhade,
his lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
f grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
ır as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
ur groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

II. Ye

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling ril
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal gre
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her mo
Nor will ſhe now with fond deli
And taſte refin'd your rural charms ex
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endl
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming t
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woo
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſp
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter la
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume y
And thou, melodious Philomel
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tong
Whoſe muſic could alone your warblin

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
or by yon fountain's ſide,
or where its waters glide
ng the valley, can ſhe now be found:
ll the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
ou ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
he pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
er modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
rom an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly:
Vith Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
nd baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Vhoſe holy flames with energy divine
he virtuous heart enliven and improve,
he conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little
Were wont to trip along theſe ver
By your delighted mother's ſide
Who now your infant ſteps ſha
Ah! where is now the hand whoſe t
To every virtue would have form'd
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppr
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's gra
Perform the duties that you doubly
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs

VII.

Where were ye, Muſes, when rel
From theſe fond arms your fair di
From theſe fond arms, that vain
With hapleſs ineffectual love
To guard her boſom from the mor
Could not your favouring power,
Could not, alas! your power prol
For whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring
Or under Camden's moſs-clad moun
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
Whate'er your ancient ſages taugh
Your ancient bards ſublimely thou
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all yo

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on * Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where ‖ Meles or § Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe

* The Mintio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‖ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called *Meliſigenes*.

§ The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The powers of Reaſon and of Fancy joi
To full perfection have conſpir'd to rai
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her r
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now c

X.

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engra
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flowers her hallo
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment cl
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou, plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his L
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar
How eloquent in every look
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinc

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoftening influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or Intereſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful Modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom,
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempeſts all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows:
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves, and dies

XIV.

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Through mountain oaks and deſart rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart.
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition gi
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd prai
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts
raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lu

XVI

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſtes, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke! —
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare the all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade;
'Tas his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy groveling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,

That

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Ev'n Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall mi
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you m

VERSES,

MAKING PART OF

AN EPITAPH ON THE SAME LA

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all
Though meek, magnanimous; though v
wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;

quence was ſweeter than her ſong,
her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
m each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
nd was Virtue by the Graces dreſs'd.

RACE. BOOK IV. ODE IV.

Written at Oxford 1725 *.

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c."

I.

the wing'd miniſter of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
ul † aſſiſtant of his maſter's love,
g of the wandering nations of the air,

II.

balmy breezes fann'd the vernal ſky,
doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
ht eſſays his growing force to try,
ile inborn courage fir'd his generous breaſt;

III. Then

rſt printed with Mr. Weſt's tranſlation of Pindar.
: Preface to that gentleman's Poems.
ı the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to
r by an eagle, according to the Poetical Hiſtory.

III.

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he ſlaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown.
The ſcaly ſnake and creſted dragon know:

IV.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky food,
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blood:

V.

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the ſight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flam
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

VII.

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

VIII.

But education can the genius raiſe,
And wiſe inſtructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is diſgrace,
And Honour is by vice to ſhame betray'd.

IX.

IX.

ed Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
:t mighty Aſdrubal ſubdued, confeſs
' much of empire and of fame is ow'd
y thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

his be witneſs that auſpicious day,
/hich, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,
: ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
nd chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

e the dire African with waſteful ire
ode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy,
hrough the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
r Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

XII.

n this bright æra, from this proſperous field,
he Roman glory dates her riſing power;
n hence 'twas given her conquering ſword to wield,
aiſe her fall'n gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

XIII.

s Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
Like ſtags to ravenous wolves an eaſy prey,
ur feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory;

XIV.

. dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
er gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
Through angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore:

XV. "As

XV.

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs fl
" Improves by loſs, and, thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding ha

XVI.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wondering fo

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt, are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform,
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious c
" Which Wiſdom ſteers through all the dangerous ſto
" Through all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful wa

VIRT

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way;
id Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyſhip is much to blame;
Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I ſeldom ſee:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
And bids it praiſe ſome handſome ſtrumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car."
ith Fame, "Dear madam, I proteſt,
I never find myſelf ſo bleſt
As when I humbly wait behind you!
But 'tis ſo mighty hard to find you!
In ſuch obſcure retreats you lurk!
To ſeek you, is an endleſs work."
"Well," anſwer'd Virtue, "I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know (without offence to others)
I know the beſt of wives and mothers;
Who never paſs'd an uſeleſs day
In ſcandal, goſſiping, or play:
Whoſe modeſt wit, chaſtis'd by ſenſe,
Is lively, chearful innocence;

Whoſe

" Whoſe heart nor envy knows, nor ſpite,
" Whoſe duty is her ſole delight;
" Nor rul'd by whim, nor ſlave to faſhion,
" Her parents' joy, her huſband's paſſion."
Fame ſmil'd, and and anſwer'd, " On my life,
" This is ſome country parſon's wife,
" Who never ſaw the court nor town,
" Whoſe face is homely as her gown;
" Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
" No, madam, no—you're much miſtaken—
" I beg you'll let me ſet you right—
" 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
" Adorn'd with every poliſh'd art
" That rank or fortune can impart;
" 'Tis the moſt celebrated toaſt
" That Britain's ſpacious iſle can boaſt;
" 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
" 'Tis Egrement—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

By Earl Hardwicke.

FAME heard with pleaſure—ſtrait replied,
" Firſt on my roll ſtands Wyndham's bride
" My trumpet oft I 've rais'd, to ſound
" Her modeſt praiſe the world around!
" But notes were wanting—Canſt thou find
" A Muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
" Believe me, I can name but one,
" A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LE

E T T E R

TO

L HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY

FOREGOING VERSES.

RD,

and thanks to your Lordſhip for your ad-
to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *ex-*
is well for other poets, that you choſe to be
cellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain
on I had the night before.

hought I ſaw before my feet,
countenance ſerene and ſweet,
Iuſe, who, in my youthful days,
t inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
ail'd, and ſaid, " Once more I ſee
fugitive returns to me;
g had I loſt you from my bower,
ı ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
h me no more your genius ſported,
e grave hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes;
rſued Urania through the ſkies;

" But now, to my forſaken track,
" Fair Egremont has brought you
" Nor bluſh, by her and Virtue le
" That ſoft, that pleaſing path, to
" For there, beneath to-morrow's
" Ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign
" Lo! to my flowery groves and
" Her favourite ſon the goddeſs br
" The council's and the ſenate's g
" Law's oracle, the nation's pride
" He comes, he joys with thee to
" In ſinging Wyndham's charms
" To thine he adds his nobler lay
" Ev'n thee, my friend, he deign
" Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy Pitt
" His fame with burgeſs or with
" For ſure one line from ſuch a B
" Virtue would think her beſt rew

HYMN TO ELI

MADAM, before your feet
This ode upon your weddir
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing Odes is not my trade
My head is full of houſhold cares
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous fru
Will put me into doleful dumps.

And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert, as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn
Than when you firſt my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER's POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wondering ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More powerful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poeteſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOU

NT EDGECUMBE.

s, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
with bowls of nectar heated,
at Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
ce is mine," great Neptune cries:
ow proud o'er all the main
ly turrets ſeem to reign!
grand on earth you ſee!
too belongs to me:
my domain to ſhare,
nd my trident bear."
s yours, but mine the land,"
; "by me were plann'd
rs, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
which crowns thoſe iſland rocks:
o is of my choir,
r hand to touch the lyre;
charm her mind I grac'd,
rudence, knowledge, taſte."
adam," interrupted Venus,
uſt be ſhar'd between us:
mine is yonder grove,
dark, ſo fit for love;
as in th' Idalian glade,
lawn, my palace ſhade."
ls, Dryads, Naiads, came;
alledg'd her lawful claim.

But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
"Nor god nor goddeſs, great or ſmall,
"That dwelling his or hers may call;
"I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION.

To the Dowager Duchess D'Aiguillon.

WHEN Peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conquering ſtandards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,

Think

ot that France ſhall borrow all thy fame—
itiſh fires deriv'd thy genius came:
, its energy, to theſe it ow'd,
fair poliſh Gallia's clime beſtow'd:
ices there each ruder thought refin'd,
lieſt wit with ſoundeſt ſenſe combin'd.
ght in ſportive Fancy's gay attire
the graveſt of th' Aonian choir,
e to ſober Wiſdom's wrinkled cheek
le that dwells in Hebe's dimple ſleek.
ach realm the debt that each may aſk:
, and thine alone, the pleaſing taſk,
t elegance of Gallic phraſe
the the ſpirit of the Britiſh lays.
rery flower which every Muſe's hand
;'d profuſe in Britain's favourite land,
tranſplanted to the banks of Seine,
teſt native odours ſhall retain.
ıen thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
cord's golden chain has firmly bound
al nations, thou for both ſhalt raiſe
ateful ſong to his immortal praiſe.
ſhall think ſhe hears her Prior ſing;
ance, that Boileau ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring.
ıalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
embelliſh, and exalt his mind;
ıg and wit, with ſweet politeneſs grac'd;
n by guile or cunning undebas'd;
le unſullied, genuine dignity;
er and ſublime ſimplicity.

Such in thy verſe ſhall Nivernois be ſhewn:
France ſhall with joy the fair reſemblance own
And Albion ſighing bid her ſons aſpire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENV

YE weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tel
If, ſince your all-accompliſh'd Sydney f
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd:
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's a
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of every pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

ON CAPTAIN CORNW

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743

THOUGH Britain's genius hung her head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled;
On that fam'd day, when France combin'd wi
Strove for the wide dominion of the main:

Cornwall! all with general voice agree
›ay the tribute of applauſe to thee.
:n his bold chief, in thickeſt fight engag'd,
ıual war with Spain's proud leader wag'd;
h indignation mov'd, he timely came,
:eſcue from reproach his country's name:
eſs too dearly did his valour crown;
ıv'd his leader's life, but loſt his own.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Written at EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

ELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
irtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
ugh knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
ıt is the thing in which you moſt excel?
ı is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe;
ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
r'd by this, your parts no envy move,
none can envy him whom all muſt love.
ı magic power can make ev'n folly pleaſe,
ı to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
ſweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME

SOME

ADDITIONAL ST

TO

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO T

IN ARIOSTO

I.

WHEN now Aſtolfo, for'd with
Orlando's wits had ſafely brou
He turn'd his eyes towards another pla
Where, cloſely cork'd, unnumbe

II.

Of fineſt cryſtal were thoſe bottles ma
Yet what was there inclos'd he c
Wherefore in humble wiſe the Saint h
To tell what treaſure there conceа

III.

"A wondrous thing it is," the Saint
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal w
"An airy eſſence, not to be deſcried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENH

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they
"And fill each hole and corner o
"For they are never eaſy while at ho
"Nor ever owner thought them

V.

n here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
or fear they ſhould evaporate again;
hard it is a priſon to invent,
So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

VI.

e that to young and wanton girls belong
Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burſt the
" glaſs:
thoſe that have below been kept too long
Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

e the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
s of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
ious ſecrets there were brought to light;
f which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

VIII.

ities, that cloſe confin'd he thought
t' other world, he found above the ſky;
ter's and his couſin's there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, though good St. John
was by.

IX.

uch his wrath increas'd, when he eſpied
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear;
, falſe and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
' Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here.

X. " Did

X.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
" Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
" Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
" And thou already from thy poſt art flown.

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apoſtle kind—
" Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
" Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
" Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
" The Moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
" Let me but have the uſe on 't for a night,
" And I 'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What power the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain its power;

But

r'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
r the ſubject main her towers ſhe rears,
nds a great example to mankind,
hat a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
the worſt or nobleſt ends to ſerve,
ong alike to ruin or preſerve.
etched Jaffier, we with pity view
, to Honour falſe, to Virtue true,
vild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
ng innocence, though fame was loſt;
forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
ntry, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
he, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
iew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
conquering love her country's ſafety won,
y that fatal love, herſelf undone.
Hence may we learn, what paſſion fain would
" hide,
Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied.
is in vain the wedded pair would crown,
igry Fortune on their union frown:
will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,
cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
i, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
i mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain;

And

e twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall vari-
have been already printed in " Advice to a
r," p. 39; but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to in-
them here, it was thought more eligible to re-
ſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.
N.

" And that fond love, which ſhould affo
" Does but augment the anguiſh of thei
" While both could eaſier their own for
" Than the ſad knowledge of each othe
May all the joys in Love and Fortun
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial ho
On each glad day may plenty ſhower de
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arm
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care
Whoſe wealth may place you in the fair
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſt
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy
But all your hours in one gay circle mo
Nor Reaſon ever diſagree with Love!

E L E G

TELL me, my heart, fond ſlave of
And doom'd its woes, without its
Canſt thou endure thus calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's fa
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine
O talk, for feeble Reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but de

forbid my eyes that heavenly ſight,
ve view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
ny ears ſhun that voice, whoſe charming ſound
l to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?
/aller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
: ſoft notes of elegant deſire;
;h Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
;h Laura dying left her lover's arms,
ere your pains leſs exquiſite than mine,
aſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

:RIPTION for a BUST of Lady SUFFOLK;
eſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe.

1732.

R wit and beauty for a court were made:
ut truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

LPICIA TO CERINTHUS,
IN HER SICKNESS.
FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

Y, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
eel the ſame feveriſh heats that mine moleſt?
I only wiſh for health again,
ſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
hat would health avail to wretched me,
i could, unconcern'd, my illneſs ſee?

SULPI-

SULPICIA TO CERINT

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture, while the world I che
Though Prudence bids me ſtrive to guard r
Love ſees the low hypocriſy with ſhame;
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mir
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride

CATO'S SPEECH TO LAB

In the Ninth Book of Luc

("Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine e
Whether to ſeek in arms a glorious doom,
Or baſely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honeſt minds diſmay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown diſdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itſelf alone,
Gains no addition from ſucceſs?—'Tis kn
Fix'd in my heart theſe conſtant truths I be
And Ammon cannot write them deeper the

r ſouls, allied to God, within them feel
ſecret dictates of th' Almighty will;
is his voice, be this our oracle.
n firſt his breath the ſeeds of life inſtill'd,
hat we ought to know was then then reveal'd.
can we think the Omnipreſent mind
truth to Libya's deſart ſands confin'd,
e, known to few, obſcur'd, and loſt, to lie—
ere a temple of the Deity,
pt earth, ſea, and air, yon azure pole;
chief, his holieſt ſhrine, the virtuous ſoul?
re-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
wide, this boundleſs univerſe is Jove.
ibject minds, that doubt becauſe they fear,
i pious awe to juggling prieſts repair;
dit not what lying prophets tell—
h is the only certain oracle.
ards and brave muſt die one deſtin'd hour—
Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble taſk purſue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy ſong.
Yet ceaſe to hope, though grac'd with every charm
The patriot verſe will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou ſtriv'ſt our languid hearts to raiſe,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aſpire,
What Sparta ſcorn'd, inſtructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpoſe can enlarge the mind,
No ſocial care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean ſelf-intereſt every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets preſides;
Where luxury conſumes the guilty ſtore,
And bids the villain be a ſlave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes ariſe,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and ſenates that obey.

O pe

›ple, far unlike the Grecian race,
ems a virtuous poverty diſgrace,
ıffers public wrongs and public ſhame,
ıcil inſolent, in action tame!
hat is now th' ambition of the great?
raiſe their country's ſinking ſtate;
d of debt to eaſe by frugal care,
de to guard, her harraſs'd poor to ſpare?
ike honeſt Somers, to inſpire
ve of laws, and Freedom's ſacred fire?
ike wiſe Godolphin, to ſuſtain
lanc'd world, and boundleſs power reſtrain?
he mighty aim of all their toil,
› aid the wreck, and ſhare the ſpoil?
h relation, friend, dependant, pour,
›artial wantonneſs, the golden ſhower,
fenc'd by ſtrong corruption, to deſpiſe
ur'd nation's unavailing cries?
, Britons, rouze! if ſenſe of ſhame be weak,
: loud voice of threatening danger ſpeak.
'rance, as Perſia once, o'er every land
es to ſtretch her all-oppreſſing hand.
England ſit regardleſs and ſedate,
n ſpectatreſs of the general fate;
l forth all her virtue, and oppoſe,
aliant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
ıs ſeize the moment in our power,
ıllies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
er term the angry gods ordain;
:riſis loſt, we ſhall be wiſe in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whoſe ner
The native majeſty of freedom ſhines,
Accept this friendly praiſe; and let m
My heart not wholly void of public lo
Though not like thee I ſtrike the ſoun
To notes which Sparta might have dei
But, idly ſporting in the ſecret ſhade,
With tender trifles ſoothe ſome artleſs

TO WILLIAM PITT, E

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMI

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd th
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's n
This generous Walpole ſaw, and grie
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mi
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freebor
He took, and bade thee lead the patri

R O L O G U E

TO

OMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

POKEN BY MR. QUIN.

OME not here your candour to implore
or ſcenes, whoſe author is, alas! no more;
ants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
arty his benevolence confin'd,
ſt — alike it flow'd to all mankind.
v'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear:
! I feel, I am no actor here)
v'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
ar of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
generous friendſhip, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
ords can ſpeak it; but our tears may tell. —
idid truth, O faith without a ſtain,
nners gently firm, and nobly plain,
npathizing love of others' bliſs,
re will you find another breaſt like his?
was the man — the poet well you know:
as he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
n this crouded houſe, with juſt applauſe,
heard him teach fair Virtue's pureſt laws;
is chaſte Muſe employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,

Not one immoral, one corrupted thoug
One line, which dying he could wish t
Oh! may to-night your favourable
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb
Whilſt he, ſuperior now to praiſe or b
Hears not the feeble voice of human f
Yet, if to thoſe whom moſt on earth l
From whom his pious care is now rem
With whom his liberal hand, and bou
Shar'd all his little fortune could imp
If to thoſe friends your kind regard ſl
What they no longer can from his re
That, that, ev'n now, above yon ſtar
May touch with pleaſure his immorta

EPILOG

TO

LILLO'S ELME

YOU, who, ſupreme o'er every wor
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbi
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit
If to your minds this merely modern
No uſeful ſenſe, no generous warmth
If *fuſtian* here, through each unnatu
In *ſtrain'd conceits found high*, and *n*
If *lofty dullneſs* for your vengeance ca
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty*

' ſimplicity, with force and fire,
›our'd thoughts and artleſs words inſpire;
ce the action which theſe ſcenes relate,
whole appear irregularly great;
ſter-ſtrokes the nobler paſſions move:
, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve*.

SCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY,

I. On a VIEW from an ALCOVE,

- - - - - - - - - - VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
PE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SVPERIMPEN-
DENTES.

II. On a ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

- - - - - - - EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOENI,
)S, ET MVSCO CIRVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,
WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIAC.

IV. On the Pedeſtal of an URN *.

ALEXANDRO POPE;
POETARVM ANGLICANORVM
ELEGANTISSIMO DVLCISSIMOQVE;
VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,
SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,
SACRA ESTO.
ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a BENCH.

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,
MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;
LABVNTVR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQVAE;
QVAERVNTVR IN SYLVIS AVES:
FONTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTREPVNT MANANTIBVS
SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

VI. On THOMSON's SEAT †.

INGENIO IMMORTALI
IACOBI THOMSON,
POETAE SVBLIMIS,
VIRI BONI;
AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEXIT,
POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRVCTAM,
DICAT DEDICATQVE
GEORGIVS LYTTELTON.

* A Doric portico in another part of the park is h noured with the name of "Pope's Building," a inſcribed, QVIETI ET MVSIS.

† A very handſome and well-finiſhed building, an octagonal line.

CONTENT

ONTENTS

OF

TELTON'S POEMS.

PROGRESS OF LOVE. In Four
clogues.
ertainty. To Mr. Pope, - - Page 3
ve. To Mr. Doddington, - - - 6
louſy. To Mr. Edward Walpole, - 10
ſeſſion. To Lord Cobham, - - 14

y of a Beauty in the country. Written at
School, - - - - - - 17
n. Written at the Univerſity of Oxford, in
ear 1727, - - - - - - 19
Reverend Dr. Ayſcough, at Oxford. Writ-
om Paris in the Year 1728, - - 25
Poyntz, Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of
ns, in 1728. Written at Paris, - - 30
be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz, 33
ſtle to Mr. Pope. From Rome, 1730. 34
d Hervey, in the Year 1730. From Wor-
ſhire, - - - - - - - 37
to a Lady. 1731. - - - 39
Song.

Song. Written in the Year 1732,
Song. Written in the Year 1733,
Damon and Delia. In Imitation of
Lydia. Written in the Year 1732,
Ode, in Imitation of Paſtor Fido. Wr
in 1729, - - - - -
Parts of an Elegy of Tibullus.
1729-30, - - - - -
Song. Written in the Year 1732,
Verſes written at Mr. Pope's Houſe
ham, which he had lent to Mrs.
Auguſt, 1735. - - -
Epigram, - - - - -
To Mr. Weſt, at Wickham. Writte
1740, - - - - - -
To Miſs Lucy Forteſcue, - -
To the ſame; with Hammond's Eleg
To the ſame, - - - - -
To the ſame, - - - - -
A Prayer to Venus, in her Temple a
the ſame, - - - - -
To the ſame. On her pleading Wa
To the ſame, - - - - -
To the ſame, - - - - -
To the ſame; with a new Watch,
An Irregular Ode. Written at Wic
To the ſame, - - - - -
To the Memory of the ſame Lady.
A. D. 1747, - - -

iking Part of an Epitaph on the ſame
- - - - - - - Page 74
Book IV. Ode IV. Written at Oxford
- - - - - - - - - 75
l Fame. To the Counteſs of Egremont, 79
extempore, by Earl Hardwicke, - 80
Earl Hardwicke: occaſioned by the fore-
erſes, - - - - - - - 81
Eliza, - - - - - - - 82
g Miſs Carter's Poems in Manuſcript, 84
lgecumbe, - - - - - - 85
. To the Dowager Ducheſs D'Aiguillon, 86
iel Drumgold, - - - - ibid.
n Captain Grenville, - - - 88
in Cornwall, ſlain off Toulon, 1743, ibid.
l Humour. Written at Eaton-School,
- - - - - - - - 89
ditional Stanzas to Aſtolfo's Voyage to the
in Arioſto, - - - - - 90
ung Lady. With the Tragedy of Venice
ved, - - - - - - - 92
- - - - - - - - 94
on for a Buſt of Lady Suffolk; deſigned
ſet up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732, - 95
to Cerinthus, in her Sickneſs. From Ti-
. (Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name) ib.
to Cerinthus, - - - - 96
peech to Labienus, in the Ninth Book of
, - - - - - - - ibid.

To

To Mr. Glover, on the Poem of Leonidas. Written in the year 1734, - - Page 98
To William Pitt, Eſq; on his loſing his Commiſſion, in the Year 1736, - - - - 100
Prologue to Thomſon's Coriolanus, ſpoken by Mr. Quin, - - - - - - - 101
Epilogue to Lillo's Elmerick, - - - - 103
Inſcriptions at Hagley, - - - 103, 104

ODI

ODES

OF

PINDAR,

WITH SEVERAL OTHER

PIECES IN VERSE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ORIGINAL POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By GILBERT WEST, Esq; LL. D.

" Res antiquæ laudis & artis
" Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."
VIRG. Georg. ii.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LLIAM PITT, Esq.

master-General of his Majesty's Forces,

his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council;

And to the HONOURABLE

GEORGE LYTTELTON, BART.

the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury;

THESE POEMS

Are inscribed by the Author;

Who is desirous that the Friendship,

hich they have for many Years honoured him,

d the sincere Affection and high Esteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge

of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known

rever the Publication of the ensuing Pieces

Shall make known the Name of

GILBERT WEST.

PREFACE.

OF all the great Writers of Antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after ath, than Pindar. Pauſanias tells us, that the cha-ter of Poet was really and truly conſecrated in his rſon, by the God of Poets himſelf *, who was pleaſed an expreſs oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi ſet apart for Pindar one half of the firſt-fruit offerings ought by the religious to his ſhrine; and to allow n a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he s uſed to ſit and ſing his hymns, in honour of that d. This chair was remaining in the time of † Pau-ias (ſeveral hundred years after) to whom it was wn as a relick not unworthy the ſanctity and mag-icence of that holy place. Pan ‡ likewiſe, another uſical Divinity, is reported to have ſkipped and nped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in nour of the birth of this Prince of Lyrick Poetry; l to have been afterwards ſo much delighted with compoſitions, as to have ſung his Odes in the hear-; even of the Poet himſelf §. Unhappily for us, l indeed for Pindar, thoſe parts of his works, which ocured him theſe extraordinary teſtimonies from the ds (or from Mortals rather, who by the invention

* Pauſ. in Bœot.
† Pauſ. in Phoc.
‡ Philoſtratus in Icon.
§ Plut. in Numa.

of thefe fables meant only to expreſs the high o
they entertained of this great Poet) are all l
mean his Hymns to the ſeveral Deities of the H
World. And even of thoſe writings, to whi
leſs extravagant, but more ſerious and more
glory is owing, only the leaſt, and, according t
people, the worſt part is now remaining. Th
his Odes inſcribed to the Conquerors in the Four
Games of Greece. By theſe Odes therefore
now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as t
the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns * thoſe men of learning
trueſt taſte and judgment, who have read and cc
ed the writings of this Author in their c
language, have all agreed to confirm the great cl
given of him by the Ancients. And to ſuch who
able to examine Pindar himſelf, I ſhall leave
ſtand or fall by his own merit; only beſpeakir
candour in my own behalf, if they ſhould t
worth their while to peruſe the following tran
of ſome of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly
Engliſh reader, to whom alone I deſire to addreſ
conſiderations, in order to prepare him to form
judgment, and indeed to have any reliſh of the
poſitions of this great Lyrick Poet, who notwit

g muſt needs appear before him under great diſad-
ntages.

To begin with removing ſome prejudices againſt this
uthor, that have ariſen from certain writings known
r the name of Pindarick Odes; I muſt inſiſt that very
w, which I remember to have read under that title,
t excepting even thoſe written by the admired Mr.
owley, whoſe wit and fire firſt brought them into re-
itation, have the leaſt reſemblance to the manner of
e Author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from
om they derive their Name; or, if any, it is ſuch
ſemblance only as is expreſſed by the Italian word
icatura, a monſtrous and diſtorted likeneſs. This
ſervation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in
; Preface * to two admirable Odes, written profeſ-
lly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, ſo much
his true manner and ſpirit, that he ought by all
ans to be excepted out of the number of thoſe who
e brought this author into diſcredit by pretending
reſemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the
:, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the
anſlations he made of two of his Odes. I ſay not
s to detract from Mr. Cowley, whoſe genius, per-
ps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himſelf, or
her of thoſe other two great Poets, Horace and
gil, whoſe names have been beſtowed upon him,
t chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to
nſlate the ſame Odes; and to prepare the Reader for

* Preſerved in the preſent collection.

the wide difference he will find between ma
his Tranſlations and *mine*.

Mr. Cowley and his Imitators (for all th
Writers ſince his time have only mimicked
they fancied they were imitating Pindar)
themſelves, and by their examples have led
into two miſtakes with regard to the charac
dar: both which are pointed out by Mr. C
the Preface above-mentioned, and in the
words:

"The character of theſe late Pindaricks
"of rambling incoherent thoughts, expreſſ
"parcel of irregular ſtanzas, which alſo
"ſuch another complication of diſproport
"certain, and perplexed verſes and rhym
"I appeal to any Reader, if this is not th
"in which theſe titular Odes appeared.

"On the contrary (adds he) there is not
"regular than the Odes of Pindar, both
"exact obſervation of the meaſures and n
"his ſtanzas and verſes, and the perpetual
"of his thoughts: for though his digreſſio
"quent, and his tranſitions ſudden, yet is
"ſome ſecret connexion, which, though n
"appearing to the eye, never fails to comm
"ſelf to the underſtanding of the reader."

Upon theſe two points, namely, the reg
meaſure in Pindar's Odes, and the connexi
thoughts, I ſhall beg leave to make a f
vations.

Theſe Odes were all compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inſcribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the ſolemn ſacrifices made to the Gods upon thoſe occaſions. They conſiſt generally of three ſtanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious Friend.

"Beſides what is ſaid of the Greek Ode in the "Scholiaſt upon Pindar, I find (ſays he) the follow-"ing paſſage in the Scholia on Hephæſtion; it is the "very laſt paragraph of thoſe Scholia."

The paſſage cited by him is in Greek, inſtead of which I ſhall inſert the Tranſlation of it in Engliſh.

You muſt know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger ſtanzas, *and* one leſs; *the* firſt *of the* larger ſtanzas *they called* Strophé, *ſinging it on their feſtivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the ſame time. The* ſecond *they called* Antiſtrophé, *in which they inverted the dance. The* leſſer *ſtanza was named the* Epode, *which they ſung ſtanding ſtill. The* Strophé, *as they ſay, denoted the motion of the* higher Sphere, *the* Antiſtrophé *that of the* Planets, *the* Epode *the* fixed ſtation *and repoſe of the* Earth.

"From this paſſage it appears evident that theſe "Odes were accompanied with dancing; and that "they danced one way while the Strophé was ſinging, "and then danced back again while the Antiſtrophé "was ſung: Which ſhews why thoſe two Parts con-"ſiſted of the ſame length and meaſure; then, when

" the Dancers were returned to the place wh
" ſet out, before they renewed the dance
" ſtill while the Epode was ſung.

" If the ſame perſons both danced and ſu
" we conſider how much breath is required
" Song, perhaps one may incline to think
" Strophé and Antiſtrophé partook ſomethi
" Recitative manner, and that the Epod
" more compleat Air.

" There is a paſſage in the ancient Gra
" Marius Victorinus, which is much to the
" poſe as this above, though he does not
" ſpeak of dancing. The paſſage is this :

" Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ
" liſque & commatibus componuntur, ex
" Antiſtrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant
" ſubſiſtunt. Quorum ratio talis eſt. Ant
" rum laudes carminibus comprehenſas, ci
" eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum
" quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ,
" vocabant; reverſionem autem ſiniſtroſun
" completo priore orbe, Antiſtrophen ap
" Deinde in conſpectu Deorum ſoliti conſiſte
" reliqua conſequebantur, appellantes id Ep

" The Writers I have quoted ſpeak only
" ſung in the temples : but Demetrius T
" upon the meaſures of Sophocles, ſays
" thing upon the Odes of the Tragick Chor

" What the Scholiaſt upon Hephæſtion, ci
" adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is

y Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and ikewiſe by the Scholiaſt on Pindar. Yet I conſider this in no other light, than I do the fantaſtical conceits with which the Writers on Muſic abound. Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics, employs one almoſt entirely upon comparing the ' principles of Muſic with the motions of the Planets, ' the faculties of the mind, and other ſuch ridiculous " imaginations. And Ariſtides Quintilianus, ſup- " poſed an older Author, is full of the ſame fooleries. " Marius Victorinus has another ſcheme alſo, viz. " that the dancing forwards and backwards was in- " vented by Theſeus, in memory of the labyrinth " out of which he eſcaped. But all this is taking " much unneceſſary pains to account why, when " Dancers have gone as far as they can one way, " they ſhould return back again; or at leaſt not dance " in the ſame circle till they are giddy."

Such was the ſtructure of the Greek Ode, in which the Strophé and the Antiſtrophé, i. e. the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas, contained always the ſame number and the ſame kind of verſes. The Epode was of a different length and meaſure; and if the Ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into Triplets of ſtanzas, the two firſt being conſtantly of the ſame length and meaſure, and all the Epodes in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compoſitions is ſufficient evident. There are indeed ſome Odes, which con of Strophés, and Antiſtrophés without any Epo

ſtrongly on the Mind of the Engliſh reade
regularity obſerved by Pindar in the ſtru
Odes; and have even followed his exam
which in the original conſiſts only of two

Another charge againſt Pindar relates to
wildneſs of his imagination, his extrava
ſions, and ſudden tranſitions, which leads
ſider the ſecond point, viz. the *connection of*
Upon which I ſhall ſay but little in this pl
endeavoured to point out the *connexion*, and
many of the *digreſſions*, in my Arguments
to the ſeveral Odes which I have tranſla
therefore I ſhall only obſerve in general, th
imagines the *victories* and *praiſes* of the
are the proper *ſubjects* of the Odes inſcrib
will find himſelf miſtaken. Theſe *victories*
occaſion to theſe ſongs of triumph, and a

civil equality and freedom, as well as to the ſimplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be ſung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praiſes of one man only; who, beſides, was often no otherwiſe conſiderable, but as the victory which gave occaſion to the Ode had made him. For theſe reaſons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourſe to other circumſtances, ariſing either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occaſion, or in whoſe temples the Ode was intended to be ſung. All theſe, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may ſuggeſt to an attentive obſerver, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into thoſe frequent digreſſions, and quick tranſitions; which it is no wonder ſhould appear to us at this diſtance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am perſuaded that whoever will conſider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and cuſtoms of the age in which they were written, the occaſions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reaſon to cenſure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compoſitions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raiſing ſo many beauties from ſuch trivial hints, and for kindling, as he ſometimes does, ſo great a flame from a ſingle ſpark, and with ſo little fuel.

There

There is ſtill another prejudice againſt Pindar, may ariſe in the minds of thoſe people who thoroughly acquainted with ancient Hiſtory, a may therefore be apt to think meanly of Od ſcribed to a ſet of Conquerors, whom poſſib may look upon only as ſo many Prize-fight Jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have to my tranſlation of Pindar's Odes a Diſſertati the Olympick Games: in which the reader will kind of perſons theſe Conquerors were, and w the nature of thoſe famous Games; of whic one, who has but juſt looked into the hiſtory of muſt know enough to deſire to be better ac with them. The collection is as full as I h able to make it, aſſiſted by the labours of a Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who, in his Book Agoniſticon, hath gathered almoſt every thin mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin W lating to the Grecian Games, which he has th gether in no very clear order; as is obſerve Countryman Monſ. Burette, who hath writte pieces on the ſubject of the Gymnaſtick Exer ſerted in the Second Volume of "Memoires c "demie Royale, &c." printed at Amſterdam In this Diſſertation I have endeavoured to giv plete Hiſtory of the Olympick Games: of wh

* For this Diſſertation, and the learned copious notes in the following Odes, we m the curious reader to the work at large, N.

ɔt, that I know of, any treatiſe now extant;
tten upon this ſubject by ſome of the An-
ng all loſt, and not being ſupplied by any
Modern, at leaſt not ſo fully as might have
ıe, and as ſo conſiderable an article of the Gre-
tiquities ſeemed to demand. As I flatter my-
t even the learned Reader will in this Diſſer-
neet with many points which have hitherto
ı his notice, and much light reflected from
upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well
n many paſſages in other Greek Writers, I ſhall
deſire him to excuſe thoſe errors and defects
. he may happen to diſcover in it, than apologize
.e length of it.

ıving now removed the chief prejudices and ob-
ɔns which have been too long and too generally
tained againſt the Writings of Pindar, I need ſay
little of his real character, as the principal parts of
ay be collected from the very faults imputed to
; which are indeed no other than the exceſſes of
: and acknowledged beauties, ſuch as a poetical
ination, a warm and enthuſiaſtic genius, a bold
figurative expreſſion, and a conciſe and ſententious

Theſe are the characteriſtical beauties of Pin-
and to theſe his greateſt blemiſhes, generally
:ing, are ſo near allied, that they have ſometimes
miſtaken for each other. I cannot however help
ving, that he is ſo entirely free from any thing
he far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances,

and

and puerile *concetti* of Mr. Cowley and the r
Imitators, that I cannot recollect ſo much
ſingle *antitheſis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confeſſes, that Pindar'
ſometimes extinguiſhed, and that he now
ſinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but
him, with all his faults, to a Poet who k
one conſtant tenour of mediocrity, and who,
ſeldom falls very low, yet never riſes to thoſ
ing heights, which ſometimes make the he
a great Poet giddy, and occaſion thoſe ſlips
at the ſame time excuſe.

But, notwithſtanding all that has or ca
favour of Pindar, he muſt ſtill appear, as I
ſerved, under great diſadvantages, eſpecia
Engliſh Reader. Much of this fire, whi
warmed and dazzled all Greece, muſt ne
loſt even in the beſt Tranſlation. Beſides,
thing of many Beauties peculiar to the Gr
cannot be expreſſed in Engliſh, and perhaps
other language, there are in theſe Odes
ferences to ſecret hiſtory, ſo many alluſions
things, and places, now altogether unk
which, were they known, would very litt
affect the Reader, and withal ſuch a mixtu
thology and Antiquity, that I almoſt deſp
being reliſhed by any, but thoſe who hav
great deal of *claſſical learning*, yet ſomew
of an *antique* and *claſſical taſte*.

ry Reader, however, may ſtill find in Pindar
ing to make amends for the loſs of thoſe beau-
which have been ſet at too great a diſtance, and
ne places worn off and obliterated by time;
r, a great deal of good ſenſe, many wiſe reflec-
and many moral ſentences, together with a due
to religion; and from hence he may be able to
o himſelf ſome idea of Pindar as a Man, though
uld be obliged to take his character as a Poet
thers.

that he may not for this rely altogether upon
inion, I ſhall here produce the teſtimonies of
eat Poets, whoſe excellent writings are ſufficient
ces both of their taſte and judgment. The firſt
ng and univerſally admired, and is ſtill as much
ed, by the preſent age: the latter, who wrote
ſeventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and
ent of the politeſt and moſt learned age of Rome.
though even to him, Pindar, who lived ſome
ies before him, muſt have appeared under ſome
diſadvantages above-mentioned, yet *he* had the
unity of ſeeing all his works which were extant
time, and of which he hath given a ſort of ca-
, together with their ſeveral characters: an ad-
e which the *former* wanted, who muſt therefore
derſtood to ſpeak only of thoſe Odes which are
maining. And indeed he alludes to thoſe only,
following paſſage of his "Temple of Fame."
Works, ſmall Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.

" Four Swans * ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
" With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flig
" Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
" And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
" Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
" And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
" The figur'd Games of Greece the column grace,
" Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race:
" The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
" The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone:
" The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
" And all appear'd irregularly great."

The other Paſſage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode ii, viz.

" Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c."

which, for the benefit of the Engliſh Reader, I hav thus tranſlated:

He, who aſpires to reach the towering height
Of matchleſs Pindar's heaven-aſcending ſtrain,
Shall ſink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who falling nam'd th' Icarian main;

Pi

* *Four Swans ſuſtain, &c.*] Pindar, being ſeated a Chariot, alludes to the Horſe-races he celebrated the Grecian Games. The ſwans are emblems of poetr their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and ac vity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmia and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note of the ſame Author.

)tuous youth! to tempt forbidden ſkies!
above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to riſe!

like ſome fierce torrent ſwoln with ſhowers,
en cataracts of melting ſnow,
from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
ams and thunders o'er the vales below,
eſultory fury borne along,
impetuous, vaſt, unfathomable ſong.

:lphick laurel ever ſure to gain;
:r with lawleſs Dithyrambick rage
nd tumultuous flows the ſounding ſtrain;
ıore order'd verſe ſublimely ſage
ds and Sons of Gods his lyre he ſtrings,
:rce Centaurs ſlain, and dire Chimæra ſings.

ther Piſa's Victors be his theme,
liant champion and the rapid ſteed;
om the banks of Alpheus, ſacred ſtream,
)hant bear Olympia's olive meed;
)m their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
ın ſculptur'd braſs, or imitating ſtone.

ther with the widow'd mourner's tear,
gles ſoft his Elegiac ſong;
)orian ſtrains to deck th' untimely bier
: diſaſtrous bridegroom fair and young;
virtues, in his deifying lays,
the black gloom of death with ſtar-like
ıdiance blaze.

When

When to the clouds, along th' æthereal plain,
His airy way the Theban Swan purſues,
Strong rapid gales his ſounding plumes ſuſtain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous M
In ſhort excurſions tires her feeble wings,
And in ſequeſter'd ſhades and flowery gardens ſing

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous blo
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honied dome to build,
Exerting all her induſtry and care,
She toils with humble ſweets her meaner verſe to

The remainder of this Ode has no relation t
preſent ſubject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borro
metaphor made uſe of by Horace) conſiſts whol
ſweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fiel
Greece. And if in theſe Tranſlations any of t
tive ſpirit and fragrancy of the Originals ſhall a
to be tranſuſed, I ſhall content myſelf with the
ble merit of the little laborious inſect above-menti
But I muſt not here omit acquainting the Reader
among theſe, immediately after the Odes of Pind
inſerted a tranſlation of an Ode * of Horace, dor

a

* This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. Weſt
tention, is ſtill (though reſtored to its proper w
preſerved in the preſent volume. See above p. 7

ıtleman, the peculiar excellence of whoſe genius often revealed what his modeſty would have kept ɔret. And to this I might have truſted to in- n the world, that the Tranſlation I am now ſpeak- of, though inſerted amongſt mine, was not done me, were I not deſirous of teſtifying the pride and ɔaſure I take in ſeeing, in this and ſome other in- ances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with aine; an evidence and emblem at the ſame time of hat friendſhip, which hath long ſubſiſted between us, and which I ſhall always eſteem a ſingular felicity and honour to myſelf.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are tranſ- lated, are ſo well known, that I need ſay nothing of them in this place; neither ſhall I detain the Reader with any farther account of the tranſlations them- ſelves, than only to acquaint him, that I tranſlated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myſelf under an attack of that incurable diſtem- per, which I mention by way of excuſe; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like moſt other people, for amuſement only. If the Reader finds they give any to him, I ſhall be very glad of it; for it is doing ſome ſervice to human ſociety, *to amuſe innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exerciſe of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

O D E

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR

By the Reverend Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy ſons a voice divine have heard
The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd
Hark! with freſh rage and undiminiſh'd fire,
The ſweet enthuſiaſt ſmites the Britiſh lyre;
The ſounds that echoed on Alphéus' ſtreams,
Reach the delighted ear of liſtening Thames;
Lo! ſwift acroſs the duſty plain
Great Theron's foaming courſers ſtrain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous ſong?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art,
Nor touch, nor can tranſport th' unfeeling heart
Pindar, our inmoſt boſom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirſt of arms:
When freedom ſpeaks in his majeſtic ſtrain,
The patriot-paſſions beat in every vein.
We long to ſit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
* Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And ſtill of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
Who ſpin the courtly, ſilken lay,
* As wreaths for ſome vain Louis' head,
Or mourn ſome ſoft Adonis dead:
No more your poliſh'd Lyricks boaſt,
In Britiſh Pindar's ſtrength o'erwhelm'd and loſt:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verſe correctly tame)
† To his own Ætna's ſulphur-ſpouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring Cataracts down Andes' channel'd ſteeps
Mark how enormous Orellana ſweeps!
Monarch of mighty Floods! ſupremely ſtrong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills collected ſnows:
Thence over nameleſs regions widely flows,
Round fragrant iſles, and citron-groves,
Where ſtill the naked Indian roves,
And ſafely builds his leafy bower,
From ſlavery far, and curſt Iberian power;

* Alluding to the French and Italian Lyrick Poets.
† See 1 Pyth. Od.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O Parent of the Lyre,
Let me for ever thy ſweet ſons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the Bard whoſe h
The matchleſs tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, ſoft pity's prieſt,
Who melts in uſeful Woes the bleeding bre
And him, who paints th' inceſtuous king,
Whoſe ſoul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taſte their charms refin'd,
The richeſt banquet of th' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the bleſt man, the Muſe's child *,
On whoſe auſpicious birth ſhe ſmil'd,
Whoſe ſoul ſhe form'd of purer fire,
For whom ſhe tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widows' midnight ſhrieks, nor burning to
The peaceful Poet pleaſe:
Nor ceaſeleſs toils for ſordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor ſtat
ſchemes,
Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feveriſh dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the ſweet vale of

* Hor. lib. IV. Od. iii.

ODES OF PINDAR.

ympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."

VIRG. Georg. l. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Hiero of Syracuſe, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horſes.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympick Games, Pindar ſet out with ſhewing the ſuperiority and pre-eminence of thoſe Games over all others; among which, he ſays, they hold the ſame rank, as Water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philoſophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to ſing of Games, it would be as abſurd to think of any other but the Olympick

Games, as to look for ſtars in the ſky when
is ſhining in his meridian glory; eſpecially as
Gueſts at Hiero's table (among which numl
not improbable that Pindar was one at this ti
ſinging Odes upon that ſubject. From the me
Hiero, he falls into a ſhort panegyrick upon
tues, and then paſſes to what gave occaſion
Ode, *viz.* his Olympick victory; under whi
he makes honourable mention of his horſe P
(for that was his name), who gained the vict
ſpread his maſter's glory as far as Piſa, or C
the ancient reſidence of Pelops the ſon of T
into a long account of whom he digreſſes;
culing, as abſurd and impious, the ſtory of hi
been cut in pieces by his father Tantalu
and ſerved up at an entetainment given by
the gods, relates another ſtory, which he
more to the honour both of Pelops and tl
This relation he concludes with the account
vanquiſhing Oenomaus, king of Piſa, in
riot-race, and by that victory gaining his
Hippodamia, ſettling at Piſa, and being
noured as a God. From this relation the
again naturally into an account of the
Games, and, after a ſhort reflection upon tl
of thoſe who gained the Olympick crown
to the praiſes of Hiero; with which, and
caſional reflections on the proſperity of
whom he wiſhes a continuance of his goo
and a long reign, he cloſes his Ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the higheſt praiſe:
Richeſt offſpring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays
From afar conſpicuous gleam
Through the night's involving cloud,
Firſt in luſtre and eſteem,
Decks the treaſures of the proud:
So among the lifts of fame
Piſa's honour'd games excell;
Then to Piſa's glorious name
Tune, O Muſe, thy ſounding ſhell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the deſert air
Seeks the faded ſtarry train,
When the ſun's meridian car
Round illumes th' æthereal plain?
Who a nobler theme can chuſe
Than Olympia's ſacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muſe,
When her various ſongs ſhe frames?
Songs in ſtrains of wiſdom dreſt
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing gueſt
Sung at Hiero's feaſtful board.

EPODE I.

In paſtoral Sicilia's fruitful ſoil
The righteous ſceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illuſtrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's faireſt flowe
His royal ſplendour to adorn:
Nor doth his ſkilful hand refuſe
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muſe,
When round the mirthful board the harp is b

STROPHE II.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muſe, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Piſa's vale
Pleaſing tranſports can inſpire;
Or the rapid-footed ſteed
Could with joy thy boſom move,
When, unwhipp'd, with native ſpeed
O'er the duſty courſe he drove;
And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympick wreath beſtow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whoſe care
Tends the courſer's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurſe the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful ſteed.

Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelops fix'd his honour'd ſeat:
Pelops, by the god belov'd,
Whoſe ſtrong arms the globe embrace;
When by Jove's high orders mov'd
Clotho bleſs'd the healing vaſe.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life reſtor'd,
Pleas'd with the luſtre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops roſe; ſo ancient tales record,
And oft theſe tales unheeding mortals charm;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dreſs'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, ſeduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to theſe ſweet Poeſy,
Smooth inchantreſs of mankind,
Clad in whoſe falſe majeſty
Fables eaſy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes:
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of Gods.
Of their heavenly natures ſay
Nought unſeemly, nought profane,
So ſhalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty ſtain.

ANTI-

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
The all-ſeeing eyes of Heaven:
From Olympus' bliſsful ſeat,
For his father's theft, was driven
Pelops, to reſide once more
With frail man's ſwift-paſſing race.
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face;
And with manly beauty ſprung
On each cheek the downy ſhade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal ſire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he ſtood,
Invocating oft the name
Of the Trident-bearing god
Strait the Trident-bearer came:
"If the ſweet delights of love,
"Which from Beauty's Queen deſcend,
"Can thy yielding boſom move,
"Mighty God, my cauſe befriend.

EP(

EPODE V.

With ſtrong prevention let thy hand control
" The brazen lance of Piſa's furious king;
And to the honours of th' Elean goal
" Me with unrival'd ſpeed in triumph bring.
" Transfix'd by his unerring ſpear,
" Already thirteen youths have dy'd,
" Yet he perſiſts with cruel pride,
Hippodamîa's nuptials to defer.

STROPHE VI.

" In the paths of dangerous fame
" Trembling cowards never tread:
" Yet ſince all of mortal frame
" Muſt be number'd with the dead,
" Who in dark inglorious ſhade
" Would his uſeleſs life conſume,
" And, with deedleſs years decay'd,
" Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
" I that ſhameful lot diſdain;
" I this doubtful liſt will prove;
" May my vows from thee obtain
" Conqueſt, and the prize of love!"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God;
Who, his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth beſtow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race;

Steeds,

Steeds, with winged ſpeed endued,
Harneſs'd to a golden carr.
So was Piſa's king ſubdued;
Pelops ſo obtain'd the fair;
From whoſe womb a noble brood,
Six illuſtrious brothers came,
All with virtuous minds endow'd,
Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the ſolemn ſervice of the dead,
Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelo
While to his altar, on the watery bed
Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime r
The wondering ſtranger, to behold
The glories of th' Olympick plain;
Where, the reſplendent wreath to gai
Contend the ſwift, the active, and the bo

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whoſe glorious brow
Piſa's honour'd chaplets crown!
Calm his ſtream of life ſhall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown.
That alone is bliſs ſupreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever-ſhining beam
Gladdens each ſucceeding day.
Then for happy Hiero weave
Garlands of Æolian ſtrains;
Him theſe honours to receive
The Olympick law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
Can the Muſe a mortal find;
Greater in imperial ſway,
Richer in a virtuous mind;
Heaven, O king, with tender care
Waits thy wiſhes to fulfil.
Then ere long will I prepare,
Plac'd on Chronium's ſunny hill,
Thee in ſweeter verſe to praiſe,
Following thy victorious ſteeds;
If to proſper all thy ways
Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

ate hath in various ſtations rank'd mankind;
In royal power the long gradations end.
y that horizon prudently confin'd,
Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
ong may'ſt thou wear the regal crown!
And may thy Bard his wiſh receive,
Vith thee, and ſuch as thee to live,
ound his native Greece for wiſdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPICK O

This Ode is inſcribed to Theron King o gentum, who came off Conqueror in t of Chariots drawn by four Horſes, in venty-ſeventh Olympiad.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet, in anſwer to the queſtion, Wh what Hero, and what Mortal he ſhould ſi which words this Ode immediately begins, named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as t gods and heroes, but as they were peculiar to his ſubject; the one being the Protector other the Founder of the Olympick Gam directly into the praiſes of Theron: by th artfully inſinuating, that Theron held the among all mortals, as the two former did a gods and heroes. In enumerating the ma lencies of Theron, the Poet having made of the nobility of his family (a topic never omitted by Pindar) takes occaſio before him the various accidents and vici human life, by inſtances drawn from the his own anceſtors, the founders of Agr who, it ſeems, underwent many difficultie they could build, and ſettle themſelves in t where afterwards, indeed, they made a v ſiderable figure, and were rewarded for t

ıgs with wealth and honour; according to
method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to
misfortunes that had befallen Theron) be-
:s Jupiter to deal with their poſterity, by re-
ɔenſing their former afflictions with a ſeries of
e and happineſs for the future; in the enjoyment
hich they would ſoon loſe the memory of what-
: they had ſuffered in times paſt: the conſtant
ct of proſperity being to make men forget their
t adverſity; which is the only reparation that can
made to them for the miſeries they have under-
ne. The truth of this poſition he makes appear
om the hiſtory of the ſame family; by the farther
ıſtances of Semele, Ino, and Therſander; and
aſtly, of Theron himſelf, whoſe former cares and
troubles, he inſinuates, are repaid by his preſent
happineſs and victory in the Olympick Games: for
his ſucceſs in which, the Poet however intimates,
that Theron was no leſs indebted to his riches than
to his virtue, ſince he was enabled by the one, as
well as diſpoſed by the other, to undergo the trouble
and expence that was neceſſary to qualify him for a
candidate for the Olympick crown in particular, and,
in general, for the performance of any great and
worthy action: for the words are general. From
whence he takes occaſion to tell him, that the man who
poſſeſſes theſe treaſures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that
is, the means and the inclination of doing good and
great actions, has the farther ſatisfaction of knowing
that he ſhall be rewarded for it hereafter; and g

among the heroes into the Fortunate Iſlands (the Elyſium of the Ancients), which he here deſcribes; ſome of whoſe inhabitants are likewiſe mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himſelf, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his ſubject, recalls his Muſe, and returns to the praiſe of Theron; whoſe beneficence and generoſity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with ſome reflections upon the enemies and malignity of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

YE choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the Lyrick ſtring,
What god? what hero's god-like praiſe?
What mortal ſhall we ſing?
With Jove, with Piſa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muſe, th' Olympick Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroick ſon,
The ſecond honours claims;
Who, offering up the ſpoils from Augeas won,
Eſtabliſh'd to his ſire th' Olympick Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conqueſt Theron ſhone
Then of victorious Theron ſing!
Of Theron hoſpitable, juſt, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering ſtate;

prince! whoſe flowering virtues grace
ſtem of his illuſtrious race:

NTISTROPHE I.

ong exercis'd in woes,
ing o'er her kindred flood,
ion of their wiſh'd repoſe,
acred city ſtood;
ugh amaz'd Sicilia ſhone
e of their fair renown.
as the milder Fates decreed,
n'd order born,
iours with ſmoother pace ſucceed;
r and Wealth the noble line adorn,
Favour, Virtue's richeſt meed.
Rhea, God ſupreme!
ly hands th' Olympian ſceptre wield!
n Alpheus' ſacred ſtream!
r'd moſt in Piſa's liſted field!
s liſten to my ſoothing ſtrain!
rthy ſons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

eir future life, and wealth beſtow;
eir preſent moments calmly flow.
ice done no power can abrogate,
it Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
olivion of diſaſtrous care,
ucceeding, may the wrong repair.

Loſt in the brightneſs of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to riſe,
And opens into ſmiles the cloud-involv'd ſkies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapleſs daughters' various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, ſhows;
Who veſted now with god-like ſtate
On heavenly thrones repoſe;
And yet Affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguiſh once they trod.
But bliſs ſuperior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her treſſes flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's ſerene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful ſon, whoſe brows divine
In twiſting ivy bound, with joy eternal ſhine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, Goddeſs of the Main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the ſea.

› in the pearly realms below,
ıortal happineſs to know.
here our day's appointed end
o mortals is unknown;
:er diſtreſs our period ſhall attend,
ı tumultuous ſtorms our ſun go down,
he ſhades in peaceful calms deſcend.
rious flows the tide of life,
ıs ſtill to Fortune's veering gale;
›ugh with anguiſh, care, and ſtrife,
ming waves the ſhatter'd bark aſſail:
e ſerene and ſmooth the limpid ſtreams;
ſurface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

ate, O Theron, that with bliſs divine
y once enrich'd thy ancient line,
verſing every gracious deed,
hy wretched ſires and ſhame decreed;
ne, encountering on the Phocian plain,
eſs Oedipus was Laius ſlain.
:ide by Fortune blindly led,
:r's precious life the hero ſhed;
:o fulfill the oracles of heaven,
ill-deſtin'd king by Pythian Phœbus given.

STROPHE III.

with a fierce avenging eye
ınys the foul murder view'd,
l bade his warring offspring die,
y mutual rage ſubdued.

Pierc'd by his brother's hateful ſteel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Therſander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling ſire,
In youthful games to win immortal praiſe;
Renown in martial combats to acquire;
And high in power th' Adraſtian houſe to raiſ
Forth from this venerable root
Æneſidamus and his Theron ſpring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant ſtrike my ſounding ſtrin
Due to his glory is th' Aonian ſtrain,
Whoſe virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's pl

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's ſand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Iſthmian ſtrand,
On ſweet Caſtalia's ſhore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory, his brother ſhar'd,
Copartner in immortal praiſe,
As warm'd with equal zeal
The light-foot courſer's generous breed to raiſe,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful ſtrife Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occaſions muſt procure;
In glory's chace muſt aid the mind,
Expence, and toil, and danger to endure;

ingling rays they feed each other's flame,
the brighteſt lamp in all the ſphere of fame.

EPODE III.

py mortal, who theſe treaſures ſhares,
ows what fate attends his generous cares;
that beyond the verge of life and light,
id regions of infernal night,
ce, impracticable, churliſh mind
ig gods and penal woes ſhall find;
trict inquiring juſtice ſhall bewray
nes committed in the realms of day.
iartial Judge the rigid law declares,
› be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

: in the happy fields of light,
iere Phœbus with an equal ray
iminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudleſs day,
peaceful, unmoleſted joy,
e good their ſmiling hours employ.
em no uneaſy wants conſtrain
To vex th' ungrateful ſoil,
mpt the dangers of the billowy main,
break their ſtrength with unabating toil,
il diſaſtrous being to maintain.
t in their joyous calm abodes,
ecompence of juſtice they receive;
d in the fellowſhip of gods
out a tear eternal ages live.

While, baniſh'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious ſoul infeſt.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue ſtrong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the ſtarry paths of Jove
To Saturn's bliſsful ſeat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the bleſt iſland from corroding cares,
And fan the boſom of each verdant plain:
Whoſe fertile ſoil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whoſe flaming branches flow
Array'd in golden bloom refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the freſh borders of their parent ſtreams.
Theſe, by the bleſt in ſolemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and cluſtering locks ador

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high beheſt,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the bleſt;
The juſt aſſeſſor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.

Th

in the number of the bleſt enroll'd,
admus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
oung Achilles, to thoſe iſles remov'd,
by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd;

STROPHE V.

chilles, whoſe reſiſtleſs might
roy's ſtable pillar overthrew,
he valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus ſlew,
nd Memnon, offspring of the morn,
torrid Æthiopia born—
et in my well-ſtor'd breaſt remain
Materials to ſupply
h copious argument my moral ſtrain,
oſe myſtic ſenſe the wiſe alone deſcry,
to the vulgar ſounding harſh and vain.
He only, in whoſe ample breaſt
ire hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praiſe of wiſdom may conteſt;
they who, with loquacious learning ſtor'd,
e crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries,
the bird of Jove, that ſails along the ſkies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

ne on! thy brighteſt ſhafts prepare,
l bend, O Muſe, thy ſounding bow;
, through what paths of liquid air
ur arrows ſhall we throw?

On

On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of juſtice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I ſwear,
Swear, that no ſtate, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can ſhew in all her boaſted ſtore
A name to parallel thy Theron's praiſe;
One to the acts of friendſhip ſo inclin'd,
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of humankind

EPODE V.

Yet hath obſtreperous envy ſought to drown
The goodly muſick of his ſweet renown;
While, by ſome frantic ſpirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd againſt him faction's raging flood,
And ſtrove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every ſandy grain
Waſh'd by Sicilia's hoarſe-reſounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works expreſs,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bl

THIRD OLYMPICK ODE.

e is likewiſe inſcribed to Theron King of
:ntum, upon the Occaſion of another Vic-
)btained by him in the Chariot-Race at
)ia; the Date of which is unknown.

A R G U M E N T.

holiaſt aequaints us, that as Theron was cele-
the Theoxenia (a feſtival inſtituted by Caſtor
lux in honour of all the gods) he received the
)f a victory obtained by his chariot in the
k Games: from this circumſtance the Poet
:caſion to addreſs this Ode to thoſe two deities
ir ſiſter Helena, in whoſe temple, the ſame
ſt informs us, ſome people with greateſt pro-
conjectured, it was ſung, at a ſolemn ſacrifice
fered by Theron to thoſe deities, and to Her-
ſo, as may be inferred from a paſſage in the
:rophe of the Tranſlation. But there is an-
and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's in-
theſe divinities, that is ſuggeſted in the Ode
or, after mentioning the occaſion of his com-
t, namely, the Olympick victory of Theron,
ing that a triumphal ſong was a tribute due
: perſon upon whom the Hellanodick, or
f the Games, beſtowed the ſacred Olive, ac-
cording

cording to the inſtitution of their firſt founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary ſtory, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in thoſe games ſhould, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this ſacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Caſtor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympick Games, and execute the office of beſtowing the Olive-crown upon thoſe who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious gueſt to this ſacrifice of Theron, in company with the two ſons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them ſucceſs and glory; to the utmoſt limits of which he inſinuates that Theron is arrived, and ſo concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wiſe or unwiſe, to attempt to ſurpaſs him.

TO

RON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

H PLE to the fame of Agragas I ſing,
For Theron wake th' Olympick ſtring,
l with Aonian garlands grace
ſteeds unweary'd in the race,
the hoſpitable twins of Jove,
right-hair'd Helena, the ſong approve!
this the Muſe beſtow'd her aid,
n new meaſures I eſſay'd
harmonize the tuneful words,
t to Dorian airs my ſounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

! the conquering ſteeds, whoſe toſſing heads
npia's verdant wreath beſpreads,
Muſe-imparted tribute claim,
, Theron, to thy glorious name;
l bid me temper in their maſter's praiſe
flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
o! Piſa too the ſong requires!
lean Piſa, that inſpires
he glowing Bard with eager care
is heaven-directed preſent to prepare:

EPODE

EPODE I.

The preſent offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whoſe ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the ſacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, beſtows
The darkſome olive, ſtudious to fulfill
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair enſign of Olympick toil
From diſtant Scythia's fruitful ſoil,
And Hyperborean Iſter's woody ſhore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis b

STROPHE II.

The blameleſs ſervants of the Delphick God
With joy the valued gifts beſtow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace, the ſacred plant,
Deſtin'd at once to ſhade Jove's honour'd ſhrin
And crown heroick worth with wreaths divine
For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightneſs ſhone,
And on the ſpacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flam
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling ſun
Four times his annual courſe had run,
Their period to renew, and ſhine again
On Alpheus' craggy ſhores and Piſa's plain:

But ſubject all the region lay
To the fierce ſun's inſulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
ſhade aroſe his fury to repell.

EPODE II.

hen traverſing the hills, whoſe jutting baſe
Indents Arcadia's meads,
o where the virgin goddeſs of the chace
Impells her foaming ſteeds,
o Scythian Iſter he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
he rigid pleaſures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Vhom, ſacred preſent for the Orthian maid,
h horns of branching gold, Täygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

here as the longſome chace the chief purſued,
The ſpacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blaſt
And northern caves of Boreas caſt:
here too the groves of olive he ſurvey'd,
nd gaz'd with rapture on the pleaſing ſhade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's ſacred feaſt
ith Leda's twins he comes, propitious gueſt!

ANTI-

And crown the ſwift, the ſtrong, an
Then, Muſe, to Theron and his houſe
The joyous tidings of ſucceſs and fame
By Leda's twins beſtow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high beh
With ſtricteſt zeal obſerve their holy fe

EPODE III.

As water's vital ſtreams all things ſurp
As gold's all-worſhip'd ore
Holds amid fortune's ſtores the higheſt
So to that diſtant ſhore,
To where the pillars of Alcides riſe,
Fame's utmoſt boundaries,
Theron, purſuing his ſucceſsful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brighte

THE FIFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

THIS Ode is inſcribed to Pſaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily), who, in the eighty-ſecond Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horſes; a ſecond in the race of the Apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of ſingle horſes.

Some people (it ſeems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reaſons, which, together with the arguments on the other ſide, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this Author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, beſides the reaſons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to biaſs people in their judgment upon this queſtion. I ſhall therefore beg leave to conſider it a little, becauſe what I ſhall ſay upon that head, will tend to illuſtrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the ſecond) inſcribed to the ſame Pſaumis, and dated both in the ſame Olympiad. But they differ from each other in ſeveral particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the ſecond Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Pſaumis; in the firſt, of only one, viz. that ob-

preſent ſtate, and the rebuilding of that
had been deſtroyed by the Syracuſians
before) are mentioned; whereas in the f
rina is barely named, as the country of
ror, and as it were out of form: from
conclude, that theſe two Odes were com
ſung at different times, and in different
firſt at Olympia, immediately upon Pſau
proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-ra
fore he obtained his other two victories.
with great probability be inferred, as v
mention being there made of thoſe tv
as from the prayer which the poet ſub
diately to his account of the firſt, viz.
would in like manner be favourable
the victor's wiſhes; which prayer, tho
general words, and one frequently uſe
in other of his Odes, yet has a peculia

theſe Odes *. In the ſecond, there are ſo many remarks of its having been made to be ſung at the triumphal entry of Pſaumis into his own country, and thoſe ſo evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help obſerving them as he goes through the Ode. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by ſhewing for what occaſion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I ſaid relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reaſon to conclude from there being two Odes inſcribed to the ſame perſon, and dated in the ſame Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, eſpecially as it appears, both in the ſtyle and ſpirit, altogether worthy of him.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet begins with addreſſing himſelf to Camarina, a ſea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to beſpeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a preſent which he tells her was made to her by Pſaumis, who rendered her city illuſtrious at the Olympick Games; where having obtained three victories, he conſecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to ſtyle him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inſerts in

* See Mr. Weſt's Preface, p. 122.

his triumphal ſong the names of the principal
and rivers belonging to Camarina; from
the Poet takes occaſion to ſpeak of the rebuil
that city, which was done about this time,
the ſtate of glory, to which, out of her l
miſerable condition, ſhe was now brought
means of Pſaumis, and by the luſtre caſt o
his victories; victories (ſays he) not to be
without much labour and expence, the uſua
dants of great and glorious actions; but t
who ſucceeded in ſuch-like undertakings,
to be rewarded with the love and approb
his country. The Poet then addreſſes hi
Jupiter in a prayer, beſeeching him to adorn
and ſtate of Camarina with virtue and glo
to grant to the victor Pſaumis a joyful
tented old age, and the happineſs of dying b
children: after which he concludes with a
tation to Pſaumis, to be contented with h
tion; which he inſinuates was as happy a
a mortal could be, and it was to no purpoſ
to wiſh to be a god.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious ſmiles this choral ſong r
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whoſe noble ſtr
Shall to th' Olympick wreath new luſtre g

; Pſaumis, whom on Alpheus' ſhore
/ith unabating ſpeed
harneſs'd mules to conqueſt bore,
his gift to thee decreed;
Camarina, whoſe well-peopled towers
Pſaumis render'd great in fame,
en to the twelve Olympian powers
with victims the triumphal flame.
/hen, the double altars round,
laughter'd Bulls beſtrew'd the ground;
/hen, on five ſelected days,
ove ſurvey'd the liſt of praiſe;
/hile along the duſty courſe
ſaumis urg'd his ſtraining horſe,
)r beneath the ſocial yoke
lade the well-match'd courſers ſmoke;
)r around th' Elean goal
aught his mule-drawn car to roll.
:n did the victor dedicate his fame
ee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
/-eſtabliſh'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

ow return'd from where the pleaſant ſeat
ce of Oenomaus and Pelops ſtood,
ee, Civick Pallas, and thy chaſte retreat
ds me ſing, and fair Oanus' flood,

And Camarina's ſleeping wave,
And thoſe ſequeſter'd ſhores,
Through which the thirſty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery ſtores
Of fiſhy Hipparis, profoundeſt ſtream,
Adown whoſe wood-envelop'd tide
The ſolid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempeſts torn,
Plung'd in miſery and ſcorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,
Gayly brightening in the blaze,
Pſaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praiſe.
Trouble, care, expence, attend
Him who labours to aſcend
Where, approaching to the ſkies,
Virtue holds the ſacred prize,
That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous de
But, if his well-concerted toils ſucceed,
His country's juſt applauſe ſhall be his glorious

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour crown'ſt the wide-ſtream'
Of Alpheus, and the ſolemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come

pliant, to ſoft Lydian reeds,
thing forth my tuneful prayer,
rac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
may prove thy guardian care;
u, on whoſe victorious brow
ı bound the ſacred bough,
m Neptunian ſteeds delight,
e, content, and quiet crown'd,
'ſt thou ſink to endleſs night,
ldren, Pſaumis, weeping round.
gods have given thee fame and wealth,
ıat prime of earthly treaſures, health,
ings they to man aſſign,
h for happineſs divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPICK

This Ode is inſcribed to Diagoras, the ſon
getus of Rhodes, who in the Seventy-nin
piad, obtained the victory in the exerciſe of

This Ode was in ſuch eſteem among the anc
it was depoſited in a temple of Minerva,
letters of gold.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet begins this noble ſong of triu
ſmile, by which he endeavours to ſhe
eſteem for thoſe who obtain the victory in
pick and other games; as alſo the value
ſent, that he makes them upon that occa
ſent always acceptable, becauſe fame a
that which delights all mortals; wherefo
ſays he, is perpetually looking about fo
jects to beſtow it upon; and ſeeing the
of Diagoras, takes up a reſolution of celeb
the Iſle of Rhodes his country, and hi
magetus (according to the form obſe
herald in proclaiming the conquerors);
and conſequently Diagoras, being deſc
Tlepolemus, who led over a colony
from Argos to Rhodes, where he ſett
tained the dominion of that iſland. Fr
mus, therefore, Pindar declares he wil
ſong; which he addreſſes to all the Rhod

Diagoras, who were deſcended from Tlepo-
from thoſe Grecians that came over with
t is, almoſt all the people of Rhodes, who
e as much (if not more) intereſted in the
part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror.
accordingly relates the occaſion of Tlepole-
coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in
nce to an oracle, that commanded him to ſeek
nat iſland; which, inſtead of telling us its
, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, charac-
es by relating of it ſome legendary ſtories (if I
ſo ſpeak) that were peculiar to the Iſle of
odes; ſuch as the Golden Shower, and the occa-
n of Apollo's chuſing that iſland for himſelf;
th which ſtories he relates at large with ſuch a
ime of Poetry, as ſhews his imagination to have
een extremely heated and elevated with his
ubjects. Neither does he ſeem to cool in the
ort account that he gives, in the next place, of
ie paſſion of Apollo for the Nymph Rhodos, from
hom the iſland received its name, and from whom
ere deſcended its original inhabitants (whom juſt
efore the Poet therefore called the ſons of Apollo);
nd particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus
nd Jalyſus; who divided that country into thre
ingdoms, and built the three principal cities whic
tained their names. In this iſland Tlepolem
ſays the Poet, returning to the ſtory of that he
ound reſt, and a period to all his misfortunes,
t length grew into ſuch eſteem with the Rhodi
hat they worſhiped him as a God, appoir

ſacrifices to him, and inſtituting games in his hono
The mention of thoſe games naturally brings
the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occaſion, fr
the two victories obtained by Diagoras in th
games, to enumerate all the prizes won by th
famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: aft
which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a ſolem
prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country
and the admiration of all the world, as a reward
for the many virtues for which he and his family
had always been diſtinguiſhed, and for which their
country had ſo often triumphed: and then, as if h
had been a witneſs of the extravagant tranſports o
the Rhodians (to which, not the feſtival only occa
ſioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman
and the glory reflected upon them by his victorie
but much more the flattering and extraordinary enc
giums beſtowed upon the whole nation in this Od
might have given birth), the Poet on a ſudd
changes his hand, and checks their pride by a mor
reflection on the viciſſitude of fortune, with wh
he exhorts them to moderation, and ſo concludes

HEROIC STANZAS.

I.

AS when a father in the golden vaſe,
The pride and glory of his wealthy ſtores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
The vineyard's purple dews profuſely pours;

II. T

II.

his lips the foaming chalice rears,
bleſſings hallow'd, and auſpicious vows,
ingling with the draught tranſporting tears,
ie young bridegroom the rich gift beſtows;

III.

cious earneſt of eſteem ſincere,
riendly union and connubial love:
idal train the ſacred pledge revere,
round the youth in ſprightly meaſures move.

IV.

is home the valued preſent bears,
grace and ornament of future feaſts;
, as his father's bounty he declares,
der ſhall ſeize the gratulating gueſts.

V.

on the valiant, on the ſwift, and ſtrong,
alia's genuine nectar I beſtow;
pouring forth the Muſe-deſcended ſong,
to their praiſes the rich numbers flow.

VI.

ul to them reſounds th' harmonick Ode,
gift of friendſhip and the pledge of fame.
the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
ars with the muſick of a glorious name!

VII.

Muſe her piercing glances throws around,
d quick diſcovers every worthy deed:
now ſhe wakes the lyre's inchanting ſound,
w fills with various ſtrains the vocal reed:

VIII.

But here each inſtrument of ſong divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting ſtring,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to ſing;

IX.

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodos draws her honour'd name
Fair nymph, whoſe charms ſubdued the Delphic God
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

X.

To ſing thy triumphs in th' Olympick ſand,
Where Alpheus ſaw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where ſweet Caſtalia's myſtic currents ſound.

XI.

Nor Damagetus will I paſs unſung,
Thy ſire, the friend of Juſtice and of Truth;
From noble anceſtors whoſe lineage ſprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth

XII.

There near to Aſia's wide-extended ſtrand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three diviſions they they poſſeſs'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarſe-reſounding tides.

XIII.

To their deſcendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and ſtrong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common ſire,
Deduce the national hiſtorick ſong.

XIV. T

XIV.

aus of great Alcides came,
ruits of fair Aſtydameïa's love,
n Amyntor got the Argive dame:
ier lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

XV.

pt in error is the human mind,
uman bliſs is ever inſecure:
ve what fortune yet remains behind?
/ we how long the preſent ſhall endure?

XVI.

the * founder of the Rhodian ſtate,
from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
iis fell boſom ſwell'd with vengeful hate,
baſtard-brother of Alcmena ſlew.

XVII.

is rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
olemus inflicts the horrid wound:
: his mother's door Licymnius falls,
warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

XVIII.

i may oft the wiſeſt heart ſurprize:
ſcious and trembling for the murderous deed,
:lphi's Oracle the hero flies,
citous to learn what Heaven decreed.

XIX. Him

* Tlepolemus.

XIX.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fan
Bade ſet his flying ſails from Lerna's ſhore,
And, in the boſom of the Eaſtern Main,
That ſea-girt region haſten to explore;

XX.

That bliſsful iſland, where a wonderous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden ſhowe
What time, aſſiſted by the Lemnian God,
The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin Po

XXI.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous ſprung
And ſhouted fierce and loud, the Warrior Maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung

XXII.

Then Hyperion's ſon, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the ſtrange tale reveal:
He warn'd them ſtrait the ſacrifice to ſlay,
And worſhip the young Power with earlieſt z

XXIII.

So would they ſooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid
And ſo propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

XXIV.

On ſtaid precaution, vigilant and wiſe,
True virtue and true happineſs depend;
But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds ariſe,
And from the deſtin'd ſcope our purpoſe ben

XX

XXV.

hodians, mindful of their ſire's beheſt,
it in the citadel an altar rear'd;
ith imperfect rites the power addreſs'd,
d without fire their ſacrifice prepar'd.

XXVI.

ove approving o'er th' aſſembly ſpread
ellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
: in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
gn'd her celeſtial ſcience to infuſe.

XXVII.

ce in all arts the ſons of Rhodes excel,
ough beſt their forming hands the chiſſel guide;
in each ſtreet the breathing marbles tell,
e ſtranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

XXVIII.

praiſe the works of Rhodian artiſts find,
t to their heavenly miſtreſs much they owe;
art and learning cultivate the mind,
d make the ſeeds of genius quicker grow.

XXIX.

ſay, that when by lot th' immortal gods
ith Jove theſe earthly regions did divide,
ndiſcover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
helm'd deep beneath the ſalt Carpathian tide;

XXX.

, abſent on his courſe, the God of Day
all the heavenly ſynod was forgot,
, his inceſſant labours to repay,
r land nor ſea to Phœbus did allot;

XXXI. That

XXXI.

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjuſt partition, but the God deny'd;
And ſaid, beneath yon hoary ſurge I view
An iſle emerging through the briny tide:

XXXII.

A region pregnant with the fertile ſeed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful gr
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks ſhall feed;
Unnumber'd men poſſeſs each flowery plain.

XXXIII.

Then ſtrait to Lacheſis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal ſiſter ſtretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her ſwear;

XXXIV.

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful iſland gave,
When from the ouzy bottom of the ſea
Her head ſhe rear'd above the Lycian wave.

XXXV.

The fatal ſiſter ſwore, nor ſwore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
Up-ſprung the blooming iſland through the main
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

XXXVI.

In this fam'd iſle, the radiant fire of light,
The god whoſe reins the fiery ſteeds obey,
Fair Rhodos ſaw, and, kindling at the ſight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous pre

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

whoſe divine embraces ſprung a race
mortals, wiſeſt of all human-kind;
ı ſons, endow'd with every noble grace;
ıe noble graces of a ſapient mind.

XXXVIII.

ıeſe Ialyſus and Lindus came,
ho with Camirus ſhar'd the Rhodian land;
't they reign'd, and ſacred to his name
)art each brother's royal city ſtands.

XXXIX.

a ſecure retreat from all his woes
Lydameia's hapleſs offspring found;
, like a God in undiſturb'd repoſe,
ıd like a God with heavenly honours crown'd,

XL.

)rieſts and blazing altars he ſurveys,
ıd hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
ı games, memorial of his deathleſs praiſe;
here twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

XLI.

:e on thy head the livid poplar ſhone,
ix'd with the darkſome pine, that binds the brows
ſthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
nd every palm that Attica beſtows.

XLII.

:oras th' Arcadian vaſe obtain'd;
rgos to him adjudg'd her brazen ſhield;
mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
nd bore the prize from each Bœotian field.

rac with his name hath fill'd the victor's

XLIV.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
Seeſt from his ſummits all this happy iſl
By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
Vouchſafe, Saturnius, on my verſe to ſi

XLV.

And grant to him, whoſe virtue is my the
Whoſe valiant heart th' Olympick wreat
At home his country's favour and eſteem,
Abroad, eternal, univerſal fame.

XLVI.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
Ne'er to injuſtice have his paths declin'd
Nor from his ſires degenerates the ſon;
Whoſe precepts and examples fire his m

XLVII.

Then from obſcurity preſerve a race,

E ELEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

Ode is inſcribed to Ageſidamus of Locris, who, the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the vic- y in the exerciſe of the Cæſtus, and in the claſs boys.

preceding Ode in the original is inſcribed to the ne perſon; and in that we learn, that Pindar had a long time promiſed Ageſidamus an Ode upon victory, which he at length paid him, acknow- lging himſelf to blame for having been ſo long in debt. To make him ſome amends for having layed payment ſo long, he ſent him by way of in- eſt together with the preceding Ode, which is of ne length, the ſhort one that is here tranſlated, d which in the Greek title is for that reaſon ſtyled or intereſt.

ARGUMENT.

E Poet, by two compariſons, with which he be- s his Ode, inſinuates how acceptable to ſucceſsful rit thoſe ſongs of triumph are, which give ſtabi- y and duration to their fame: then declaring that ſe ſongs are due to the Olympick Conquerors, he ceeds to celebrate the victory of Ageſidamus, d the praiſes of the Locrians, his countrymen, om he commmends for their having been always uted a brave, wiſe, and hoſpitable nation; from ence he inſinuates, that their virtues being here-

ditary and innate, there was no more likelihood
their departing from them, than there was of
fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

TO wind-bound mariners moſt welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the wiſh
ſhrouds:
Moſt welcome to the thirſty mountains flow
ſoft ſhowers, the pearly daughters of the clou
And when on virtuous toils the gods beſtow
Succeſs, moſt welcome ſound mellifluous ode,
Whoſe numbers ratify the voice of Fame,
And to illuſtrious worth inſure a laſting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such fame, ſuperior to the hoſtile dart
Of canker'd envy, Piſa's Chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muſe th' immortal boon impart,
Th' immortal boon which from high Heave
deſcends.
And now inſpir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
Ageſidamus, ſhe to Fame commends:
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praiſe,
And decks thy olive-crown with ſweetly-ſounding l

EPODE.

But while thy bold atchievements I rehearſe,
Thy youthful victory in Piſa's ſand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verſe
Not unregarded ſhall thy Locris ſtand.

, ye Muſes, join the choral band
ıths upon the Locrian plain;
viliz'd and ſavage land
now invite your virgin train,
ous ignorance and foul diſdain
irtue's hoſpitable lore
ınmanner'd and inhuman ſwain
ıe ſtranger from his churliſh door.
ıall ye find, renown'd of yore
alour and for worthy deeds;
aſt and unexhauſted ſtore
dom, whoſe prolific ſeeds
ı age. So Nature's laws require:
: laws of Nature ne'er expire.
e lion's valiant race remains,
er's wiles the youthful fox retains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ergoteles the Son of Phi-
lanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-ſeven
Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot-Ra
called Dolichos or the Long Courſe.

ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being drive
from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, h
retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he wa
honourably received, and admitted to the freedom
of the city; after which he had the happineſs to
obtain, what the Greeks eſteemed the higheſt pitch
of glory, the Olympick Crown. Pauſanias ſays he
gained two Olympick Crowns; and the ſame num-
ber in each of the other three ſacred Games, the
Pythian, Iſthmian, and Nemean. From theſe re-
markable viciſſitudes of Fortune in the life of
Ergoteles, Pindar takes occaſion to addreſs himſelf
to that powerful directreſs of all human affairs, im-
ploring her protection for Himera, the adopted
country of Ergoteles. Then, after deſcribing in
general terms the univerſal influence of that deity
upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of
events, and the vanity of Hope, ever fluctuating in
igno-

gnorance and error, he aſſigns a reaſon for that anity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverſe both of their hopes and fears. Thus, ſays he, it happened to Ergoteles, whoſe very misfortunes were to him the occaſion of happineſs and glory; ſince, had he not been baniſhed from his country, he had probably paſſed his life in obſcurity, and waſted in domeſtick broils and quarrels that ſtrength and activity, which his more peaceful ſituation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympick crown.

his Ode, one of the ſhorteſt, is, at the ſame time, in its order and connection, the cleareſt and moſt compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my ſupplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my ſuit I move;
Protectreſs fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathleſs main
In her wild courſe the rapid veſſel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on th' embattled plain,
And in deliberating ſtates preſides.
Toſs'd by thy uncertain gale
On the ſeas of error ſail

Human hopes, now mounting high
On the ſwelling ſurge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For ſure preſage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods beſtow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wiſdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our moſt ſanguine views th' event deceive
And veils in ſudden grief the ſmiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful boſom heav
Caught in a ſtorm of anguiſh and diſmay,
Paſs ſome fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempeſts fly:
Inſtant ſhifts the clouded ſcene;
Heaven renews its ſmiles ſerene;
And on Joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the veſſel glides.

EPODE.

* Son of Philanor! in the ſecret ſhade
Thus had thy ſpeed unknown to fame deca
Thus, like the † creſted bird of Mars, at l
Engag'd in foul domeſtick jars,
And waſted with inteſtine wars,

In

* Ergoteles. † The cock.

ous hadſt thou ſpent thy vigorous bloom;
not ſedition's civil broils
ll'd thee from thy native Crete,
driven thee with more glorious toils
ympiack crown in Piſa's plain to meet.
live now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
e dark chaplets of the Iſthmian pine,
era's adopted city plac'd,
Ergoteles, thy honours ſhine,
iſe her luſtre by imparting thine.

THE

Ordaring through the bleſt abodes
All the ſplendid works of gods,
Sit the ſiſters in a ring,
Round the golden-ſhafted king:
And with reverential love
Worſhiping th' Olympian throne,
The majeſtick brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphroſyna, whoſe ear
Delighted liſtens to the warbled ſtrain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The beſt, the greateſt power above;
With your illuſtrious preſence deign,
To grace our choral ſong!
Whoſe notes to victory's glad ſound
In wanton meaſures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my ſtring
With meditated ſkill prepares
In ſoftly ſoothing Lydian airs
Aſopichus to ſing;
Aſopichus, whoſe ſpeed by thee ſuſtain'd
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, ſportive Echo, go,
To the ſable dome below,

Pro

:rpine's black dome, repair,
re to Cleodemus bear
ngs of immortal fame:
, how in the rapid game
's vale his ſon victorious fled;
or thou ſaw'ſt him bear away
inged honours of the day;
'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE

orignally deſcended from Sparta, were, at
requeſt, governed by the laws of that fa
monwealth. To this account Pindar ſubjoi
to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that b
and people of Ætna may, by anſwerable d
tain the glory and ſplendor of their race
Hiero, and his ſon Diomenes, taught t
the precepts of his father, may be able to
minds to peace and unity. For this pur
nues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the
ans and the Tuſcans from invading Sicil
by recalling to their minds the great loſ
lately ſuſtained from the valour of Hiero
thers; into a more particular detail of w
and virtue, Pindar inſinuates he would g
was he not afraid of being too prolix an
fault which is apt to breed in the reade
diſguſt: and though, continues he, exceſ

was ſomewhat inclined to avarice, he encou-
s to acts of generoſity and munificence, from the
ideration of the fame accruing to the princes of
t character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants,
concludes; winding up all with obſerving, that
firſt of all human bleſſings conſiſts in being vir-
ous; the ſecond in being praiſed; and that he,
o has the happineſs to enjoy both theſe at the
me time, is arrived at the higheſt point of earthly
licity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whoſe heaven-invented ſtring
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Do in ſweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy ſounding chords their ſacred ſongs.
The dance, gay queen of pleaſure, thee attends;
Thy jocund ſtrains her liſtening feet inſpire:
And each melodious tongue its voice ſuſpends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'ſt the ſign —
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their ſtreaming lightnings all diſarm'd,
The ſmouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the muſick of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch* drops his vengeful ir

O Per

* The eagle.

Perch'd on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eyelid ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, ſtern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling ſtrains his furious breaſt,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance conſigns to peaceful reſt.
Nor leſs enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the ſoft influence of inchanting ſong,
When, in melodious ſymphony combin'd,
Thy ſon, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muſes, ſkill'd in wiſdom's deepeſt lore,
The ſubtle powers of verſe and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with deteſtation views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly ſtrain,
Exil'd from praiſe, from virtue, and the Muſe.
Such is Typhœus, impious foe of gods,
Whoſe hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foſter'd in her infamous abodes;
Till daring with preſumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, ſubdued he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundeſt hell.

DECA

DECADE V.

mder ſulphurous Cuma's ſea-bound coaſt,
l vaſt Sicilia lies his ſhaggy breaſt;
›wy Ætna, nurſe of endleſs froſt,
: pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever preſs'd:
from whoſe nitrous caverns iſſuing riſe
e liquid fountains of tempeſtuous fire,
'eil in ruddy miſts the noon-day ſkies,
ıile wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire,
:aming through the night with hideous roar
the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

e, Vulcanian Monſter, to the clouds
e fierceſt, hotteſt inundations throws,
:, with the burthen of incumbent woods
d Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he glows.
: on his flinty bed out-ſtretch'd he lies,
hoſe pointed rock his toſſing carcaſe wounds:
: with diſmay he ſtrikes beholding eyes,
frights the diſtant ear with horrid ſounds.
'e us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
ıat here reign'ſt, ador'd in Ætna's ſacred grove!

DECADE VII.

ı, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
hoſe borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
d by illuſtrious Hiero's generous hand,
ıd render'd glorious with his high renown.

By Pythian heralds were her praiſes ſung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the duſty courſe,
When ſweet Caſtalia with applauſes rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering h
The happy city for her future days
Preſages hence increaſe of victory and praiſe.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to proſperous winds,
The port forſaking, ſpread their ſwelling ſails;
The fair departure chears their jocund minds
With pleaſing hopes of favourable gales,
While o'er the dangerous deſarts of the main,
To their lov'd country they purſue their way.
Ev'n ſo, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delus, and Caſtalia's ſprings obey,
Theſe hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raiſe
With valiant ſons, triumphant ſteeds, and heavenly

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wiſe mind beſtow'd, and ſmooth'
tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour ſtrung.
All theſe are Hiero's: theſe to rival lays
Call forth the Bard: ariſe then, Muſe, and ſ
To this contention; ſtrive in Hiero's praiſe,
Nor fear thy efforts ſhall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth ſecure to throw,
Thy dart ſhall ſtill ſurpaſs each vain attempting

DEC

DECADE X.

ay ſucceeding ages, as they roll,
eat Hiero ſtill in wealth and bliſs maintain,
joyous health recalling, on his ſoul
livion pour of life-conſuming pain.
may thy memory with ſweet delight
ie various dangers and the toils recount,
ch in inteſtine wars and bloody fight
ıy patient virtue, Hiero, did ſurmount;
t time, by heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
ize of ſovereign ſway with thee thy * brother
found.

DECADE XI.

a like the ſon of Pæan didſt thou war,
ıit with the arrows of a ſore diſeaſe;
le, as along flow rolls thy ſickly car,
ove and amaze the haughtieſt boſoms ſeize.
emnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
he ſon of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
re, after tedious queſt, the heroes found,
nd bore the limping archer thence away;
whom fell Priam's towers (ſo fate ordain'd)
the long harraſs'd Greeks their wiſh'd repoſe
obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

Hiero too, like Pæan's ſon, receive
ecover'd vigour from celeſtial hands!
may the healing god proceed to give
he power to gain whate'er his wiſh demands.

* Gelo.

But now, O Muſe, addreſs thy ſounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praiſe;
His father's praiſe ſhall glad his filial ear.
For him hereafter ſhalt thou touch the ſtring,
And chant in friendly ſtrains fair Ætna's future king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero for him th' illuſtrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with ſons of Greece her ſtately town,
Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the ſtatutes, which their fathers gave,
Still muſt the reſtive Dorian youth be led;
Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Täygetus exalts his head,
From the great ſtock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

Theſe, from Theſſalian Pindus ruſhing down,
The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once poſſeſs'd,
And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they preſs
Their milky courſers, and the paſtures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms ſupreme
To king and people on the flowery ſhore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian ſtream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like deſert
The ſplendor of their race and glory to aſſert.

DECADE XV.

id do thou aid Sicilia's hoary Lord
To form and rule his ſon's obedient mind;
id ſtill in golden chains of ſweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
nen grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his ſhore detain;
nd may the hardy Tuſcan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
emembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coaſt
ck'd by his ſtormy arms their groaning fleets were
loſt.

DECADE XVI.

/hat terrors! what deſtruction them aſſail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers dy'd!
/hen o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
reece from impending ſervitude to ſave.
Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
/ould I record the Salaminian wave
Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
o Sparta's ſons with ſweeteſt praiſe ſhould tell,
eath Cithæron's ſhade what Mediſh archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

ût on fair Himera's wide-water'd ſhores
Thy ſons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
o grace their virtues with the various ſtores
Of ſacred verſe, and ſing th' illuſtrious band

In verſe conciſeneſs pleaſes every gueſt,
While each impatient blames and loaths a

DECADE XVIII.

Nor leſs diſtaſteful is exceſſive fame
To the four palate of the envious mi
Who hears with grief his neighbour's g
And hates the fortune that he ne'er ſh
Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, perſevere!
Since to be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied: Let ſtrict Juſtice ſte
With equitable hand the helm of ſtat
And arm thy tongue with truth: O Ki
Of every ſtep! a Prince can never lightly

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou ſet, to deal
The goods of Fortune with impartial

DECADE XX.

in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
fame in lively characters remains;
av'd in monumental hiſtories,
deck'd and painted in Aonian ſtrains.
s freſh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
he virtue, Croeſus, of thy gentle mind:
ile fate to infamy and hatred dooms
ſicilia's tyrant, ſcorn of human kind;
hoſe ruthleſs boſom ſwell'd with cruel pride,
n in his brazen bull the broiling wretches dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in ſweet ſociety
The generous youth converſing ever name;
Nor with the harp's delightful melody
Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
The firſt, the greateſt bliſs on man conferr'd
Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;
The ſecond, to obtain their high reward,
The ſoul-exalting praiſe of doing well.
Who both theſe lots attains, is bleſs'd indeed,
nce Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

of Sicily) who gained the victory in t
Race, in the Nemean Games.

ARGUMENT.

FROM the praiſes of Ortygia (an iſland
and part of the city of Syracuſe, to v
joined by a bridge) Pindar paſſes to t
occaſion of this Ode, viz. the Victory
Chromius in the Nemean Games; whic
the firſt of that kind gained by him, th
the baſis of his future fame, laid by the
of the Gods, who aſſiſted and ſeconde
virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune cont
favourable, he may arrive at the highe
glory: by which is meant chiefly, thoug
the gaining more prizes in the Great or S
(particularly the Olympick), where the

ɛſias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes
ountry of Pindar) upon viewing the firſt exploit
ɛrcules, which was killing in his cradle the
ɛrpents ſent by Juno to devour him, foretold
ubſequent atchievements of that hero; and the
reward he ſhould receive for all his labours,
eing admitted into the number of the Gods, and
ried to Hebe; with which ſtory he concludes
Ode.

STROPHE I.

SISTER of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddeſs of the Chace!
n whoſe receſſes reſts th' emerging flood
)f Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!
Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muſe preluding tunes her ſtrings,
eas'd with the ſweet preamble of thy fame,
To uſher in the verſe, that ſings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's ſounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Vhom thy victorious carr and Nemea's palms inſpire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The baſis of his future praiſe
Aſſiſted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raiſe,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:

Aſſu

Aſſur'd that all th' Aonian train
Their wonted friendſhip will afford,
Who with delight frequent the lifted plain,
The toils of Virtue to record.
Mean time around this iſle, harmonious Muſe!
The brighteſt beams of ſhining verſe diffuſe:
This fruitful iſland, with whoſe flowery pride
Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's beauti bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with tranſcendent plenty crown'd
Jove to Proſerpina conſign'd;
Then with a nod his ſolemn promiſe bound,
Still farther to enrich her fertile ſhores
With peopled cities, ſtately towers,
And ſons in arts and arms refin'd;
Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
The thundering ſteed to train;
Or mounted on the whirling carr
Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
The fair occaſion with a flattering ſong.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome gueſt
I come, high ſounding my Dircæan chord;
Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feaſt,
And ſpread with luxury his friendly board,

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the ſtranger flies.
While Envy's ſcorching flame, that blaſts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men aſſign'd
All to perfection and to praiſe will lead,
Would each thoſe paths purſue, which Nature bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroick might,
In council ſhines the mind ſagacious, wiſe,
Which to the future caſts her piercing ſight,
And ſees the train of conſequences riſe.
With either talent Chromius bleſt
Suppreſſes not his active powers.
I hate the miſer, whoſe unſocial breaſt
Locks from the world his uſeleſs ſtores.
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whoſe treaſures in diffuſive good employ'd
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainſt a ſad reverſe, a ſafe retreat inſure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praiſe,
And theſe firſt-fruits of Fame inſpire
The Muſe to promiſe for thy future days
A large increaſe of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty ſon,
Worthy his great immortal ſire,

Forth

Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin-brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led
To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
Th' imperial cradle Juno quick ſurvey'd,
Where ſlept the twins in ſaffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned Empreſs of the Gods
Her eager thirſt of vengeance to aſſuage,
Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive ſerpents haſte.
They through the opening valves with ſpeed
On to the chamber's deep receſſes paſt,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now in knotty mazes to infold
Their deſtin'd prey, on curling ſpires they roll'd,
His dauntleſs brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their firſt attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Faſt by the azure necks he held
And grip'd in either hand his ſcaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcaſſes expell'd,
At length the poiſonous ſoul unwilling flows.
Mean time intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
All who, attendant on the genial bed,
Around the languid mother ſtood.

diſtracting fear and anguiſh ſtung,
om her ſickly couch impatient ſprung;
nberous robe regardleſs off ſhe threw,
roteſt her child with fondeſt ardour flew.

EPODE III.

with her ſhrill, diſtreſsful cries alarm'd,
ruſh'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
'aſs refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
h them Amphitryon, whoſe tumultuous breaſt
a croud of various cares infeſt;
ligh brandiſhing his gleaming ſword
With eager, anxious ſtep he came;
A wound ſo near his heart
Shook with diſmay his inmoſt frame,
and rouz'd the active ſpirits in every part.
To our own ſorrows ſerious heed we give;
But for another's woe ſoon ceaſe to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father ſtood,
While doubtful pleaſure, mix'd with wild ſurprize,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
His ſon's ſtupendous deed with wondering eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
And falſify'd the meſſengers of ill.
Then ſtrait he calls th' unerring ſeer,
Divine Tireſias, whoſe prophetick tongue
Jove's ſacred mandates from the Tripod ſung;
Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules ordain'

AN

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell deſpoilers of the land
The Prophet told, what monſters of the Main
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
What ſavage, proud, pernicious tyrant ſlain
To Hercules ſhould bow his head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
Whoſe glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Laſt, when the giant ſons of earth ſhall dare
To wage againſt the gods rebellious war,
Pierc'd by his rapid ſhafts on Phlegra's plain
With duſt their radiant locks the haughty foe ſhall ſtain.

EPODE IV.

Then ſhall his generous toils for ever ceaſe,
With fame, with endleſs life repaid;
With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
Then led in triumph to his ſtarry dome,
To grace his ſpouſal bed ſhall come,
In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.
In Jove's auguſt abodes
Then ſhall he hear the bridal ſong;
Then, in the bleſt ſociety of Gods,
The nuptial banquet ſhare, and, rapt in praiſe
And wonder, round the glittering manſion gaze.

ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

e is inſcribed to Ariſtagoras, upon occaſion of
ıtering on his office of Preſident or Governor
: iſland of Tenedos; ſo that, although it is
l among the Nemean Odes, it has no ſort of
ɔn to thoſe games, and is indeed properly an
;uration-Ode, compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus
Sacrifices and the Feaſt made by Ariſtagoras
is collegues, in the Town-hall, at the time of
being inveſted with the Magiſtracy, as is evi-
from many expreſſions in the firſt Strophe and
ſtrophe.

ARGUMENT.

opens this Ode with an invocation to Veſta (the
leſs who preſided over the Courts of Juſtice, and
: ſtatue and altar were for that reaſon placed in
Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks
l them); beſeeching her to receive favourably
agoras and his collegues, who were then coming
er ſacrifices to her, upon their entering on their
of Prytans or Magiſtrates of Tenedos; which
continuing for a year, he begs the Goddeſs to
Ariſtagoras under her protection during that
and to conduct him to the end of it
ɔut trouble or diſgrace. From Ariſtagoras Pin-
urns himſelf, in the next place, to his father
ſilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon

account of his ſon's merit and honour, as
own great endowments, and good fortune;
beauty, ſtrength, courage, riches, and glory
ing from his many victories in the games.
he ſhould be too much puffed-up with theſe
he reminds him at the ſame time of his m
and tells him that his cloathing of fleſh is pe
and that he muſt ere long be cloathed with e
end of all things; and yet, continues he, i
juſtice to praiſe and celebrate the worthy an
ing, who from good citizens ought to re
kinds of honour and commendation; as Ari
for inſtance, who hath rendered both him
his country illuſtrious by the many victories
obtained, to the number of ſixteen, over th
bouring youth, in the games exhibited in a
his own country. From whence, ſays the
conclude he would have come off victorious
the Pythian and Olympick games, had he
reſtrained from engaging in thoſe famous li
too timid and cautious love of his parent
which he falls into a moral reflection upon
nity of mens hopes and fears, by the fo
which they are oftentimes excited to attempt
their ſtrength, which accordingly iſſue in t
grace; as, on the other hand, they are fr
reſtrained by unreaſonable and ill-ground
from enterprizes, in which they would, in
bability, have come off with honour. This
tion he applies to Ariſtagoras, by ſaying it

eaſy to foreſee what ſucceſs he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was deſcended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arceſilas, whom he had before repreſented as ſtrong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the Games, he obſerves, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illuſtrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue ſhould ſucceed; whence it comes to paſs that men, out of ſelf-conceit and preſumption, are perpetually laying ſchemes, and forming enterprizes, without previouſly conſulting Prudence or Wiſdom, whoſe ſtreams, ſays he, lye remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our deſires, and ſet bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whoſe holy fire
Before the awful ſeat of Juſtice flames!
Siſter of Heaven's Almighty Sire!
Siſter of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to ſhare the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Veſta! To thy dread abodes,
Lo! Ariſtagoras directs his pace!
Receive, and near thy ſacred ſceptre place

Him, and his collegues, who with honeſt zeal
O'er Tenedos preſide, and guard the publick weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, firſt invok'd in every ſolemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in feſtive ſongs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and ſounding lyre.
While ſtill, prolong'd with hoſpitable love,
Are ſolemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove:
Then guard him, Veſta, through his long career,
And let him cloſe in joy his miniſterial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arceſilas! all hail
To thee! bleſs'd father of a ſon ſo great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's higheſt ſcale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath ſet,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much preſume,
Though grac'd with Beauty's faireſt bloom;
Though for ſuperior ſtrength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember, that in fleſh array'd
Soon ſhall he ſee that mortal veſtment fade;
Till laſt impriſon'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STR

STROPHE II.

d the worthy from the publick tongue
ieir recompence of virtuous praiſe;
y zealous patriot ſung,
'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
bution in return for fame,
iſtagoras, thy virtues claim;
m thy country, on whoſe glorious brows
ler's chaplet ſtill unfaded blows;
h the great Pancratiaſtick crown,
the neighbouring youth thy early valour

ANTISTROPHE II.

his timid parents' cautious love,
; ever his too forward hand;
: their tender ſon to prove
of Pythia' or Olympia's ſand)
ie gods I ſwear, his valorous might
d victorious in each bloody fight:
Caſtalia, or where dark with ſhade
it of Saturn rears its olive-head,
illuſtrious home had he return'd;
is fame eclips'd his vanquiſh'd foes had
n'd.

EPODE II.

s triumphal treſſes bound
lark verdure of th' Olympick grove,
yous banquets had he crown'd
Quinquennial Feſtival of Jove;

And chear'd the ſolemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muſe to Virtue pays.
But, ſuch is man's prepoſterous fate!
Now with o'er-weening pride elate
Too far he aims his ſhaft to throw,
And ſtraining burſts his feeble bow.
Now puſillanimous, depreſs'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And of his ſtrength diſtruſtful coward flies
The conteſt, though impower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good
Of him, whoſe undegenerating breaſt
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From ſire to ſire in long ſucceſſion trac'd
Up to Piſander; who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Leſbian ſhore
And Tenedos, collegued in high command
With great Oreſtes, led th' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race leſs ſtrong and brave,
Sprung from a ſtock that grew on fair Iſmenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obſcur'd, again
Oft-times the ſeeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harveſts yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Inveſt the ſmiling tree with rich perfume.

So,

barren often and inglorious paſs
: generations of a noble race;
ike Nature's vigour, working at the root,
er-ages ſwells, and bloſſoms into fruit.

E P O D E III.

Jor hath Jove given us to foreknow
ıen the rich years of virtue ſhall ſucceed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
ntriving ſchemes of many a mighty deed.
ıile Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
d ſelf-opinion, active, raſh, and blind,
Hold up a falſe illuſive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet aſtray
Far from the ſprings, where calm and ſlow
The ſecret ſtreams of wiſdom flow.
nce ſhould we learn our ardour to reſtrain:
ıd limit to due bounds the thirſt of gain.
ı rage and madneſs oft that paſſion turns,
hich with forbidden flames deſpairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occaſion of a victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Iſthmian games; it is however addreſſed not to Xenocrates himſelf, but to his ſon Thraſybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always ſpeaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tenſe, it is moſt probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reaſon it has by ſome been reckoned among the θρῆνοι or Elegies of Pindar.

ARGUMENT.

THE introduction contains a ſort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compoſitions; a thing, ſays Pindar, not practiſed formerly by the ſervants of the Muſes, who drew their inſpiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown intereſted, ſo are the Poets become mercenary; obſerving the truth of that famous ſaying of Ariſtodemus the Spartan, "Money makes "the man:" a truth, he ſays, which he himſelf experienced, having with his riches loſt all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thraſybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wiſe man: I ſhall therefore ſay no more about

bout it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates; after an enumeration of which, he paſſes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praiſes for his benevolence, his public ſpirit, his devotion to the gods, and his conſtant uninterrupted courſe of hoſpitality in all changes of fortune. Theſe virtues of his father he encourages Thraſybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicaſippus (by whom this Ode was ſent to Thraſybulus) to tell him to publiſh it; concluding with obſerving, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionleſs ſtatue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thraſybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muſe's car,
Tuning their harps to ſoft and tender lays,
Aim'd their ſweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whoſe beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd ſtrong deſires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muſe, deſpiſing ſordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpſichore adorn her ſtrain
In gilded courteſy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to ſale her proſtituted art.

EPODE

EPODE I.

But now ſhe ſuffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan Stage maintain,
That Man is worthleſs without Gold.
This truth himſelf by ſad experience prov'd,
Deſerted in his need by thoſe he lov'd:
Nor to thy wiſdom is this truth unknown,
No longer therefore ſhall the Muſe delay
To ſing the rapid ſteeds, and Iſthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates beſtow'd,
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brighteſt ſtar,
Latona's ſon with favourable eyes
At Criſa view'd, and bleſs'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-ſteering rein.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's ſkilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his maſter grac'd:
His maſter, greeted in th' Olympick ſand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great prieſts, whoſe herald voice proclaims
Th' Elean feaſts of Jove, and Piſa's ſacred games.

EPOD

EPODE II.

on the golden lap of victory
clining his illuſtrious head,
ney hail'd with ſweeteſt melody;
.nd through the land his glory ſpread,
Through the fam'd Altis of Olympick Jove;
here in the honours of the ſacred grove
ne children of Æneſidamus ſhar'd;
or not unknown to victory and praiſe
ft, Thraſibulus, hath thy manſion heard
The pleaſing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the ſweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In ſmooth and flowery paths th' encomiaſt treads,
When to the manſions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-ſurpaſſing gentleneſs to ſing
In equal ſtrains, requires an all-ſurpaſſing ſtring.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every ſocial virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering ſteeds at Corinth prov
How ſacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And ſpread with frequent feaſts his conſecrated

Or gather in his swelling sail?
But, finding ever some resource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his constant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious
Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;
Nor from the publick keep these choral so
Not in one corner is the Poet's strain
Form'd, like a statue, to remain,
This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ARGONAUTICKS

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compoſe
Th' inchanting Bard, Oeagrian Orpheus roſe,
And thus, attuning to the trembling ſtrings:
His ſoothing voice, of harmony he ſings.
In the beginning how heaven, earth, and ſea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from diſorder roſe:
How roll'd inceſſant o'er th' ethereal plain
Move in eternal dance the ſtarry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden ſun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys run;
Whence roſe the mountains clad with waving woods,
The ruſhing rivers, and reſounding floods,

With

With all their nymphs; from what celeſtial ſeed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd conſort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' ſnowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force ſuperior, and ſucceſsleſs war,
Diveſted of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his conſort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd
Thus they reſign'd the ſceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the bleſs'd Titanian gods,
While infant Jove poſſeſs'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heavenly wiſdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's ſcorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
The ſtrength and glory of almighty Jove.
This ſaid, the tuneful Bard his lyre unſtrung,
And ceas'd th' inchanting muſic of his tongue.
But, with the ſound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him ſtill ſinging, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear.
In ſilent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling ſtrains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with roſy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While riſing flames the myſtick tongues devour.

Now

Now ſable night aſcends her ſtarry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowſy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's ſummits ting'd with red;
Light ſkimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently ſwell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys roſe, and, ſummon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding ſhores
Hoarſe-ſounding Pagaſæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad ſignal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of ſacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Didona brought.
On their allotted poſts now rang'd along
In ſeemly order ſate the princely throng:
Faſt by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmoſt ſtation bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whoſe enormous might
Arm'd with a maſſy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beſide him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-ſinking feels the demi-god.
Their hauſers now they looſe, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the conſecrated wine.
Then from his native ſhores ſad Jaſon turns
His oft-reverted eye, and ſilent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphick Fane,
Or where Iſmenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's Altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the ſounding lyre,

The

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in meaſure their harmonious feet:
Together ſo Theſſalia's princes ſweep
With well-tim'd oars the ſilver-curling deep.
While, raiſing high the Thracian harp, preſides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either ſide the daſhing ſurges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty ſtroke;
Thick flaſh'd the brazen arms with ſtreaming light,
While the ſwift bark purſues her rapid flight,
And ever as the ſea-green tide ſhe cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the waves:
So ſhines the path, acroſs ſome verdant plain
Trac'd by the footſteps of the village ſwain.
Jove on that day from his celeſtial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd down
The godlike chiefs and Argo to ſurvey
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd ſummit ſtood
The nymphs and fauns and ſiſters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That ſhaded once the mountain's ſhaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the ſounding ſea
Theſſalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo! from Pelion's higheſt clift deſcends,
And downward to the ſea his footſteps bends
The Centaur Chiron; on the beach he ſtood
And dipp'd his feſtlocks in the hoary flood.

ıen waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
ıd ſpeeds with proſperous vows the parting ſails.
ith him advanc'd his conſort to the ſhore;
he young Achilles in her arms ſhe bore:
ıen, raiſing high in air the pleaſing load,
› his fond ſire the ſmiling infant ſhew'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

THE following day Bithynia's coaſt they reach,
And fix their hauſers to the ſheltering beach.
here on the margin of the beating flood
he mournful manſions of ſad Phineus ſtood,
genor's ſon; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
he grievous burden of unequal'd care.
›r taught by wiſe Apollo to deſcry
h' unborn events of dark futurity,
ain of his ſcience, the preſumptuous ſeer
eign'd not Jove's awful ſecrets to revere;
ut wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
'he ſacred purpoſe of th' omniſcient mind.
ſence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
ut quench'd in endleſs ſhade his viſual rays.
ſor would the vengeful God permit him taſte
'he chearful bleſſings of the genial feaſt;
'hough the large tribute of the nations round
'heir prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
'or, lo! deſcending ſudden from the ſky,
ound the pil'd banquet ſhrieking harpies fly,

Who with rapacious claws inceſſant tear
Forth from his famiſh'd lips th' untaſted fare.
Yet would ſome ſlender pittance oft remain,
What might ſuffice to keep up life and pain.
But then ſuch odours the foul ſcraps exhal'd,
That with the ſtench the loathing ſtomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry gueſts and wondering ſtood
While their ſick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome ſound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inſpiring God that now was come
The long-wiſh'd period of heaven's vengeful doom,
That by theſe heroes deſtin'd aid reſtor'd,
Peace ſhould thenceforward bleſs his feaſtful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade,
And leaning on his ſtaff with faltering ſteps,
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diſeas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he paſs'd.
Shrunk was his form, aduſt with want and care,
And burſting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
But faint and breathleſs as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threſhold over-toil'd he ſate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And ſwims beneath his feet the ſolid ground.
No more their functions the frail ſenſes keep,
And ſpeechleſs ſinks the ſeer in death-like ſleep.
This ſaw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow ſound,

With

›reath and utterance ſcarce recover'd broke,
ıus th' enlighten'd ſeer prophetic ſpoke:
'rinces of Greece, attend; if ye be they
ı o'er the main Theſſalia's pines convey,
aſon leads to Colchos' magic land,
s your cruel tyrant's ſtern command.
ye be they; for yet my mental eye
ım'd paſt, preſent, future, can deſcry.
ts to thy ſon, Latona, who beſtows
grace, this only ſolace of my woes.
ve, to whom the ſuppliant's cauſe belongs,
hates the mercileſs, who avenges wrongs,
ıœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
the bleſs'd immortal powers above,
lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
p! O ſave from famine and deſpair
:tch ill-fated, to affliction born,
eave me here unpitied and forlorn.
ot theſe orbs alone depriv'd of ſight
ctive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
› extreme old age his cruel law
ıs me th' unwaſting thread of life to draw,
nd my ſorrows here; a heavy chain
›es ſucceeds, and pain ſtill link'd to pain.
ſecret haunts aërial, unexplor'd,
ts of devouring harpies vex my board.
, inſtantaneous, ſudden they deſcend,
from my mouth the taſteful morſel rend.
ı while my troubled ſoul, with woes oppreſs'd,
ıeans of aid, no comfort can ſuggeſt.

For when the feaſt I purpoſe to prepare,
They ſee that purpoſe, and prevent my care.
But cloy'd and glutted with the luſcious ſpoil
With noiſome ordure parting they defile
Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remain,
That none approaching may the ſtench ſuſtain,
Though his ſtrong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
The filthy fragments ſuch dire ſteams exhale:
Yet me fell hunger's all ſubduing pain
Compells, reluctant, loathing, to remain;
Compells the deadly odours to endure,
And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
From theſe invaders (ſo hath fate decreed)
By Boreas' offspring ſhall my board be freed.
Nor on a ſtranger to your houſe and blood,
O ſons of Boreas, is your aid beſtow'd.
Phineus behold, Agenor's hapleſs ſon,
Once for prophetic ſkill and riches known;
Who, while I ſway'd the Thracian ſceptre, led
Your dower'd ſiſter to my ſpouſal bed.
Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting ſons
Feel kind compaſſion ſwelling in their ſouls,
While down their cheeks the generous torrent rowl
Then Zetes near approaching, cloſely preſs'd
His hand, and thus the laboring ſeer addreſs'd:
O moſt diſaſtrous of all human kind,
Whence ſprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind
Haſt thou, intruſted with the book of fate,
By folly merited celeſtial hate?

He

ence falls this indignation on thy head?
in would the ſons of Boreas grant thee aid;
in would they execute what heaven ordains,
t awful dread their willing hands reſtrains.
o frighted mortals well thy ſufferings prove,
ow fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
hen ſwear, or never ſhall this righteous ſword,
hough drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;
wear, that th' aſſiſtance which our arms ſhall lend,
hall no immortal angry God offend.
e ſpoke; when ſtraight tow'rd heaven diſcloſing wide
is ſightleſs balls, the ſenior thus reply'd:
My ſon, th' injuſtice of thy tongue reſtrain,
Nor let ſuch thoughts thy pious ſoul profane:
By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inſpires
My conſcious boſom with prophetic fires;
By this my wretched lot of woe and care
Theſe eyes involv'd in darkening clouds, I ſwear,
By the fell dæmons of the realms below,
Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
From their reſentments not in death ſecure,
If falſely their dread godheads I adjure:
That your aſſiſting hands ſhall never move
Wrath or diſpleaſure in the powers above.
Then acquieſcing in the ſolemn prayer,
To aid the prophet Boreas' ſons prepare.
The ready youth a banquet ſpread, the laſt
That thoſe fell harpies were decreed to taſte:
Nigh ſtand the brothers, ardent to oppoſe
With glittering faulchions their invading foes.

But ſcarce the firſt ſweet morſel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with ſwift prevention broke,
Swift as the lightning's glance, or ſtormy blaſt
Whoſe rapid fury lays the foreſt waſte,
Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obſcene,
The watchful heroes ſhouting ruſh'd between;
But they with ſpeedieſt rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
Upſpringing ſwift with threatening blades purſue
The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnius ſteel'd
Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
And did not Jove their wearying ſtrength ſuſtain,
Their flitting pinions had they ſpread in vain:
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus ſeek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monſters, fleeter than the wind,
Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
As when the hound experienc'd in the chace,
Through ſome wide foreſt o'er the ſcented graſs
A bounding hind or horned goat purſues,
And near his panting prey, and nearer views;
Eager he ſtretches the ſhort ſpace to gain,
And, ſnapping, grinds his gnaſhing fangs in vain
So ever-near th' inſulting chiefs purſued;
The harpies ſo their catching hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, ſons of Boreas, ſlain,
The race of harpies (though heaven diſallow'd)
Had ſtain'd the Plotian iſles with ſacred blood;

Th

Their ſore diſtreſs had Iris not ſurvey'd,
And darting from the ſkies the heroes ſtaid.
Sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the Dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall thoſe fell Dogs approach Bithynia's ſhore.
This ſaid, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Moſt fear'd, moſt honour'd by th' immortal gods:
By the ſlow-dripping urn of Styx ſhe ſwore,
The prophet's peaceful manſions evermore
From thoſe rapacious ſpoilers ſhould be free;
Such was the fatal ſiſter's fixt decree.
The goddeſs ſware, the brothers ſtraight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian iſlands ſtyl'd by antient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
In thouſand various mingling dyes array'd.
Theſe to the grots retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete.
While the gay goddeſs of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.
Mean while the princes in the cleanſing wave
With purifying rites the ſenior lave.
Next from the ſpoil, which on Bybricia's ſhore
From vanquiſh'd Amycus ſtern Pollux tore,
A victim they ſelect with pious care;
And ſoothe the gods with ſacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic gueſt
Partakes the pleaſures of the ſumptuous feaſt.

With them ſate Phineus, and refreſh'd his ſoul
With ſavory viands and the chearing bowl.
Unſatiated he feeds, and bathes in ſtreams
Of extaſy beyond the bliſs of dreams.

THE HYMN OF *CLEANTHES.

O UNDER various ſacred names ador'd!
Divinity ſupreme! all potent lord!
Author of nature! whoſe unbounded ſway,
And legiſlative power all things obey!
Majeſtic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The ſuppliant prayer, and tributary ſong:
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great ſire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the ſoul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my ſtring,
And of thy wondrous power for ever ſing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly ſphere inceſſant move,
Thr

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a St philoſopher, a diſciple of Zeno. He wrote many pi none of which are come down to us, but this a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephen a collection of philoſophical poems. This hymn tranſlated at the requeſt of a very learned and i nious friend of mine, who was pleaſed to find ſuch ſentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and ſo r poetry in a philoſopher.

Through all this boundleſs world admit thy ſway,
And roll ſpontaneous where thou point'ſt the way.
Such is the awe impreſt on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders ſound,
Thoſe flaming agents of thy matchleſs power:
Aſtoniſh'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reaſon which through all convey'd
Informs this general maſs, thou reign'ſt ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, univerſal lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon æthereal pole, the ſeat of gods,
Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wiſdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by paſſion toſt,
And in the ſhoreleſs ſea of folly loſt.
But thou, what vice diſorders, canſt compoſe;
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As hence to model one harmonious whole:
One univerſal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals ſhun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliſs directing ſtill their choice,
Hear not, or heed not, reaſon's ſacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to ſolid good.
Thence quitting Virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various paſſions move.
Some through oppoſing crowds and threatening war
Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.

Some,

Some, bent on wealth, purſue with endleſs pain
Oppreſſive, ſordid, and diſhoneſt gain:
While others, to ſoft indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great father, thunder-ruling god!
Who in thick darkneſs mak'ſt thy dread abode!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O control;
And ſhed the beams of wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all-piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame.
That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite
With honorary ſongs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe
The proper taſk of man: and ſure to ſing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
Is bliſs ſupreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF THE

GOUT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

LUCIAN.

" Tollere nodoſam neſcit medicina podagram." OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.	MESSENGER.
OCYPUS.	MOUNTEBANKS.
PHYSICIAN.	CHORUS.
NURSE.	SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.

THE

MPHS OF THE GOUT.

ENE, A CHAMBER.

DCYPUS * lame, and leaning on the Nurſe.

HENCE, without wound, proceeds this horrid pain,
robs me of the aſſiſtance of my feet?
e, like a bow-ſtring by the forceful arm
me bold archer ſtrain'd, the cracking ſinews
ır and ſtretch; and force me to complain,
length of time but ſtrengthens the diſeaſe.

Nur.

ıs, the ſon of Podalirius and Aſtaſia, was
ɔr his ſtrength and beauty, a great lover
g, and all gymnaſtick exerciſes. This
n, having been accuſtomed to inſult and
omſoever he ſaw grievouſly afflicted with
telling them at the ſame time that their
: nothing, brought upon himſelf the indig-
the goddeſs who preſides over that diſtemper,
t laſt, by the violence of the diſeaſe, driven
tation. Lucian had compoſed an entire dra-
this ſubject; but as only the beginning of
remains, I have tranſlated it, and, with very
ation in either, have made it a part of his
na, whoſe ſubject is the triumph of the gout
:.

Nur. Raiſe thyſelf up, my ſon, nor bear ſo hard,
Leſt, helpleſs as thou art, with thee I fall.
Ocyp. Leſs weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And reſt upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For ſhame it is, that youth ſhould aſk the aid
Of ſuch a prating, old, decrepit wretch.
Nur. Forbear, vain boy, thy ſcoffing inſolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou know'ſt,
In ſickneſs youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for this arm ſhould I withdraw,
Thou fall'ſt, while my old feet unſhaken ſtand.
Ocyp. But if thou fall'ſt, through age thou fall'ſt, not ſickneſs:
Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever.
Nur. Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got poſſeſſion of thy toe.
Ocyp. As in the courſe I exercis'd, awry
My ankle turn'd, and thence the pain enſued.
Nur. Why, as the fellow ſaid, who careleſs ſat
Clipping his griſley beard, then run again.
Ocyp. Or wreſtling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?
Nur. A truſty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyſelf.
But this is a mere circle of evaſions.
And I myſelf the like diſcourſe have held
In former times, and try'd to varniſh o'er,
Ev'n to my deareſt friends, th' unpeaſing truth;

But now when every ſwelling member ſpeaks,
And burning dolours torture thy whole body —

Enter PHYSICIAN.

O! where is Ocypus, illuſtrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet.
And therefore to aſſiſt him am I come.
But ſee! where, careleſs on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies! —Heaven grant thee health, my ſon,
And to thy feet reſtore their wonted ſtrength.
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cauſe
Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguiſh find ſome quick relief.

yp. Intolerable pain my foot conſumes.

y. Whence came it? how? what accident? explain.

yp. Or in the ſtraining race, or haply while
My gymnick exerciſes I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

y. Then where 's the ſore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

yp. The woollen bandage I abhor.

tr. Alas!
How baneful is the pride of handſome looks!

y. What therefore muſt be done? ſhall I lay open
Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be ſure
If once I ſeize upon it, I ſhall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.

yp. Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

y. Then, lo! my ſteely inſtrument I draw,
This crooked, ſharp, blood-thirſting inſtrument.

Ocyp.

Ocyp. Hey! ho!

Nur. Phyſician, what doſt thou intend?
Would'ſt thou with ſharp inciſions vex him mo
And, without knowing why, his foot endang
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For neither in the ſtraining race, nor while
His gymnick exerciſes he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive.
Then liſten to my tale. Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
The evening feaſt devour'd, and drain'd the
Then falling on the couch ſecurely ſlept.
But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
As ſmitten by ſome god: fear ſeiz'd us all.
And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire mi
Some torturing dæmon ſeizes on my foot.
Thus on his couch up-ſitting all night lon
His foot in ſad ſolemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's ſhrill-ſounding trumpp
The dawning day, lamenting forth he com
And on my ſhoulder leans his feveriſh han
While his diſabled footſteps I upheld.
All that he told thee is a forg'd device
To veil the ſecret of his dire diſeaſe,
Which now in every limb begins to rack h
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

Ocyp. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words,
Vaunting in ſpeech, but impotent in actior
He, who when ſick his nurſing friends de

e the ſtarv'd wretch that hungry maſtick * chews,
t cheats himſelf, and foſters his diſeaſe.
ou cheateſt all; now that, now ſaying this,
onfeſſing pain, but not explaining what.
nd how ſhall I explain it? I indeed
now that I ſuffer pain; and that is all.
When pain, without apparent cauſe, invades
The ſwelling foot, a man may pleaſe himſelf
In hunting after this and that ſolution,
But can't miſtake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleaſing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come upon thee.
It? what? alas! what terrible diſeaſe,
That needs ſuch preface to its horrid name?
The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whoſe pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didſt once deride.
But what, O ſkilful artiſt, what ſay'ſt thou?
Farewell, to ſerve thee I neglect myſelf.
What accident or buſineſs calls thee hence?
Into a cureleſs evil thou art fall'n.
Muſt I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlaſting woe?

* Maſtick is a great ſtrengthener of the ſtomach, and frequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is ſo far from being a relief, that it rather increaſes his complaint; this I take to be the meaning of this paſſage.

Phy. Fear not: thou ſhalt not be for ever lame.
Ocyp. What worſe have I to fear?
Phy. On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddeſs bind.
Ocyp. Alas! in t'other ſympathizing foot
Methinks I feel a new unuſual pain.
Or am I motionleſs? Or wherefore dread I
To place theſe once ſo nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and ſudden fear:
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art ſuggeſt of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,
Or ſurely I ſhall die: within I feel
The ſecret venom, and the thrilling arrow
That pierces through my feet, and tears my ſinews.
Phy. Not to amuſe thee with unmeaning words,
Like ſome of thoſe who call themſelves phyſicians,
But of the healing ſcience nothing know,
I'll briefly ſhew the ſtate of thy complaint:
An unſurmountable and ſtrong diſeaſe
Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and ſtubborn
Than thoſe ſteel-temper'd ſhackles, which the hand
Of juſtice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiſcover'd, ſecret ill,
Whoſe burden human nature ſcarce can bear.
Ocyp. Alas! oh! oh! what inward ſmart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young Satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.
[*falls on the couch.*

Phy.

P. There leave him on the couch; refreshing sleep
His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.
Exeunt Nurse and Physician.

COCYTUS *solus.*

O horrid name! detested by the gods!
Gout, rueful gout! of sad Cocytus born!
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her breast: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what god brought thy disastrous power
To taint this light, and harrass human-kind?
If punishment condign pursue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil?
It sure had been sufficient punishment
Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd,
That tear this meagre miserable carcase:
While through th' obstructed pores the struggling vapour
And bitter distillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the scalding plague,
And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphurous womb:
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
Th' imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools tos'd

Dash'd 'gainſt the mouldering rocks the foaming
ſurge.
O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort; by falſe hopes abus'd. [*Sleeps.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers the* Chorus, *conſiſting of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Proceſſion to the Temple of the Gout, with Muſic and Dancing.*

CHORUS.

To tender Attis, beardleſs boy,
The howling Phrygian throng
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthuſiaſtic ſong.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious ſound.

With claſhing arms, in frantick mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual ſtrain.

To Mars, the furious god of war,
The ſwelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious ſtrife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We thy ſad votaries,
In ſighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual ſacrifice;

When

When uſher'd by the bluſhing hours
The genial ſpring appears;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears:

When zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves;
And her ſad neſt the ſwallow builds
Beneath the friendly eaves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Diſconſolate, alone,
For Itys loſt th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[*Exit Chorus.*

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

OCYPUS *ſolus.*

Come, O my comfort, my ſupporter, come,
My ſtaff, my third beſt leg, O! now uphold
My tottering footſteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raiſe thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd cloſeneſs of the room.
Diſpel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden ſun
On purer air thy enliven'd ſpirit feaſt.
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak fleſh refuſes to comply.
Be reſolute, my ſoul; for well thou know'ſt,

The gouty wretch, that would but cannot now,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

Exit OCYPUS.

SCENE *changes.*

Enter OCYPUS, *who discovers the* CHORUS *before Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Mu and Dancing. Dance.*

Ocyp.—But who are they, whose hands with crutch fill'd,
Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands boun
Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing?
Then would the Delphick laurel shade their br
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?
Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'
Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth dec
Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this demand?
Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dews fell from above,
Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ooze the surges sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great Monarch of the Skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess first embrac'd;
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled;
Bright rose the morning, and the sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of Fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of Wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Ocyp. Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

Cho. Nor * with the biting steel ourselves we wound,
Or sprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground:
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with sounding scourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding sacrifice:
But when the Spring the rising sap impells,
And the young elm with genial moisture swells.
When in the hedges on the budding spray
The black-bird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmost sense with secret smart;
The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles swell,
The bending knee, and firm-supporting heel:
The strong-knit shoulder and the sinewy arm,
And hand mechanick, feel th' intestine harm,
Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
Till length of suffering the dire power appease,
And the fierce torments at her bidding cease.

Ocyp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
Thou, goddess, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with these thy votaries, will begin
Thy sacred, solemn, customary song.

[*Dance.*

* The Chorus here allude to several religious ceremonies performed by several Priests to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Priests of Baal cutting and slashing themselves with knives, &c.

Chorus.

Pus. Thou air, be ſtill; thou ſky, ſerene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her ſtaff, behold the Queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!
[*The Goddeſs of the Gout deſcends or enters.*
Hail! gentleſt of the heavenly powers!
Propitious on thy ſervants ſmile;
And grant in Spring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toil.

Id. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
Whom nor the fuming cenſer can appeaſe,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me not Apollo's ſelf with all his drugs,
High Heaven's divine Phyſician, can ſubdue;
Nor his learn'd ſon, wiſe Æſculapius.
Yet, ever ſince the race of man begun,
All have eſſay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of ſtill-baffled phyſick.
Some this receipt 'gainſt me, ſome that explore.
Plantane they bruiſe, the parſley's odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purſlain wild.
Theſe bitter horehound, and the watery plant
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Thoſe nettles cruſh, and comfrey's viſcid root,
And pluck the lentils in the ſtanding pools.
Some parſnips, ſome the gloſſy leaf apply
That ſhades the downy peach, benumming henbane,
The poppies ſoothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rind of the Punick apple, ſeawort hot,

The

The coſtly frankincenſe, and ſearching root
Of potent hellebore, ſoft fenugreek
Temper'd with roſy wine, collamphacum,
Nitre and ſpawn of frogs, the Cypreſs-cone,
And meal of hearded barley, and the leaf
Of colworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The dung of mountain-goats, and human ordure,
The flower of beans, and hot ſarcophagus.
The poiſonous ruddock * ſome, and ſhrew-mouſe boil,
The weaſel ſome, the frog, the lizard green,
The fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
And branching ſtone-buck † bearded like a goat.
What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?
What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear?
What beaſts, what animals, have not beſtow'd
Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow?
Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?
The draught of four ingredients ſome compoſe,
Some eight, but more from ſeven expect relief;
Some from the purging hiera ſeek their cure,
On myſtick verſes vainly ſome depend;
The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
While to the cooling fountains others fly,
And in the cryſtal current ſeek for health.

But

* A kind of red land-toad.

† A beaſt with ſhaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but otherwiſe like a ſtag.

But to all theſe fell anguiſh I denounce,
To all who tempt me ever more ſevere.
But they who patiently my viſit take,
Nor ſeek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I ſtrait endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to pleaſe,
A merry, gay, jocoſe companion boon:
Round whom the noiſy croud inceſſant laugh;
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire Até, of whom Homer ſings;
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men inſulting tread,
And ſilent, ſoft, and unobſerv'd, approach.
But as from me the acid drop deſcends,
The drop of anguiſh, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies ſing,
And praiſe with hymns th' unconquerable goddeſs.

ii. Hear, ſtubborn virgin, fierce and ſtrong,
Impracticable maid!
O liſten to our holy ſong!
And grant thy ſervants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, diſmays
The Monarch of the Dead,
And ſtrikes the Ruler of the ſeas
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee

Thee ſoft repoſing beds delight
And flannels warm embrace,
And bandag'd legs nor ſwift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that dreads the ground.
Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
Or grant at beſt tumultuous ſleep
And ſlumbers never ſound.

Thy cramps our limbs diſtort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel ſport!
Inexorable maid!

Enter Meſſenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Meſ. O! Miſtreſs, opportunely art thou met.
Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well ſupported by authentick facts.
As through the town (for ſo thou didſt enjoin
With ſlow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
Subdued, O goddeſs, by thy mighty arm.
All but theſe two preſumptuous daring wretch
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boaſting that they would baniſh thee from eart

Whe

Wherefore with fetters ſtrong their legs I bound
And after five days march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.
Swift haſt thou come, my winged meſſenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Haſt thou thy tedious longſome way purſued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy ſpeed?
Five ſtairs, whoſe weak and diſlocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, deſcending down,
Firſt to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainſt my feet its jarring ſurface turn'd;
Which having with uneaſy footſteps croſs'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty ſtreet,
Whoſe pointed ſtones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a ſmooth, though ſlippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-ſliding haſte,
The trodden ſlime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every ſide
The ſtreaming ſweat deſcended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence laboring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and preſs'd, and drove me faſter on;
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley ſtept aſide,
Till every rattling haſty wheel was paſs'd.
For, as to thee, O goddeſs, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

Gadi-

Gadd. Servant, thou haſt not well perform'd in vain,
Nor ſhall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompence this pleaſing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentler pains to be
But ye, moſt impious heaven-abandon'd villa
What and whence are ye, that ſo proudly d
The lifts to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whoſe power not Jove himſelf can overcom
Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd
As all the wiſe and learn'd can teſtify.
Priam * was gouty, as old Poets ſing,
And by the Gout the ſwift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy Lord,
The mighty Oedipus, my proweſs own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Pliſth
He too, who led to Troy his warrior band
The halting ſon of Pæas, felt my dart,
And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,

* *Priam was gouty*, &c.] Lucian had this
ſtance from ſome ſecret hiſtories that are not con
to us; or poſſibly there may be ſome conceit w
do not underſtand, ſince one cannot help thinki
he alludes to the lameneſs of Philoctetes, which
by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on h
and to the wound which Achilles received in
from Paris, which wound was the occaſion of hi

† Telegonus, the ſon of Ulyſſes by Circe, co
Ithaca to ſee his father, was denied entrance
ſervants; upon which a quarrel enſued, in w
unfortunately ſlew his father Ulyſſes with a
arrow, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a pe
fiſh.

Not by the poiſonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be aſſur'd,
Your wicked deeds ſhall meet their due reward.

Is. Syrians we are, in fair Damaſcus born.
But, urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and ſea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the ſick and lame.

Id. What is your ointment, ſay, and how prepar'd?

Is. We dare not tell, to ſecrecy oblig'd
Both by the ſolemn oath of our profeſſion,
And laſt injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whoſe ſtrong efficacy,
O Gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

Id. Ha! miſerable wretches, ſay ye ſo?
Is there on earth a medicine, whoſe effect
My power is not ſufficient to control?
Come on, upon this iſſue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your ſtrong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting ſpirits, who preſide
O'er my diſtracting ſorrows, hither come.

Spirits deſcend.

Thou from the tender ſole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguiſh ſpread.
Thou in the heel ſhalt ſettle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee ſhalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger ſhall torment.

Spir.

Spir. Behold, O Queen, thy orders are perform'
See! where the wretches maim'd and roarir
Their limbs diſtorted with our fierce attack
Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; de
If aught your boaſted ointment now avail.
For if my forces it indeed ſubdue,
Far, to the dark receſſes of the earth,
The depths profound of Tartarus, I 'll fly
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and u
1 *Mo.* Behold the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I di
A ſecret poiſon all my leg conſumes.
Not ſo pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages ſo the wild tempeſtuous ſea:
Nor more reſiſtleſs is the lightning's blaſt.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my ſinews gr
Or on my fleſh ſome poiſonous viper preys
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle cl
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignan
O Queen, have mercy! freely we acknowl
That, nor our ointment, nor aught elſe o

* The mantle of the Centaur Neſſus, who profered Hercules his ſervice to carry his wife c river Evenus, when he had her on the other ſid have forced her. Whereupon Hercules ſhot hi an arrow. Neſſus, ſeeing he muſt die, in reven ſents Deianira with his mantle ſtained with hi blood, telling her it was a charm for love. S lieving this, when Hercules was ſacrificing in Oeta, ſent him this mantle to put on; which ſooner did, but the poiſon worked ſo ſtrongly t grew mad, and threw himſelf into the fire.

Thy unreſiſted fury can reſtrain,
O mighty conqueress of human kind!

pp. "I too, O potent goddeſs, grace implore.
"Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
"Vain of my beauteous limbs, and active ſtrength,
"I mock'd thy dolors, and thy power defy'd.
"But now chaſtis'd by thy afflictive arm,
"And by thy nearer influence ſubdued,
"My impious vaunts, O goddeſs, I retract,
"Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

dd. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confeſs my ſtubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs ſubdued.
Goddeſs and Spirits re-aſcend.

g. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus ſtrove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepeſt hell with ſcorching lightning driven,
Too late he own'd the ſtronger power of Heaven.

The ſatyr Marſyas blew his boaſtful reed,
And, Phœbus, ſtrike, he cry'd, thy rival ſtrings.
Stript of his ſkin, he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius ſings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In ſtreams eternal while her ſorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, ſkill'd in every work divine,
Fooliſh Arachne at the loom defy'd;
Inceſſant thence ſhe draws the filmy twine,
Memorial of her fond preſumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this ſage inſtruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for
"Heaven." [Dan.

Cho. O awful Gout, whoſe univerſal ſway
The trembling nations of the earth obey,
Our torments, gracious ſovereign, O aſſuage!
Be ſhort our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
That this ſcene of life compoſe.
Uſe with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing ſorrows calm;
Can our ſharpeſt pains beguile,
And bid gouty wretches ſmile.
Hence, companions of my care,
Learn with patient hearts to bear,
To expect with ſouls unmov'd
Ills ye have already prov'd.
If ſeverer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you ſtrength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and ſhakes the chain,
Laughter he, and ſcorn ſhall move,
Such is the decree of Jove.

O N

ON THE

ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO,

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Croſs Knight
From love of Fairy-land,
With ſhew of foreign pleaſures all,
The which he doth withſtand.

I.

WISE was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's baſe his well-built ſtate,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the miſchiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the diſtinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would ſoar,
To the falſe lure of wealth her ſtooping wing to lower.

II.

Yet would Corruption ſoon have entrance found,
And all his boaſted ſchemes eftſoon decay'd,
Had not he caſt a powerful circle round,
Which to a diſtance the arch felon fray'd,

And ineffectual his foul engines made:
This was, to weet, that politic command,
Which from vain travel the young Spartan staid,
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

III.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools;
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
Great rabbins, deeply read in Wisdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embellish life, and polish human-kind.
Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
Such, elder Ægypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
Mysterious Ægypt, the rank nursery
Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

IV.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want, his deeds to grace,
Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,
Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners false, and mimic pride?
And wherefore should they range from place to place,
Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,
All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd?

V.

And * sooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
And honour due to passion so refin'd)
The strong affecton which true patriots bear
To their dear country, zealous is and blind,

* Truth.

And

And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects eſpy,
Ne other * paragone may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And ſuperſtitious zeal, her learn to deify.

VI.

And, like as is the faith unſound, untrue,
Of him who, wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object paſſion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, or all alike, beſtows his vagrant love.

VII.

† Als doth corruption in a diſtant ſoil,
With double force ‡ aſſay the youthful heart,
Expos'd ſuſpectleſs to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to Pleaſure's poiſon'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, impoſes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counſel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of ſhame, or ſpur of public praiſe.

* Rival, or one to compare with her.
† Moreover, beſides. ‡ Aſſault.

'Gan caſt with foreign pleaſures to b
Her faithful knight, and quench the
That did his virtuous boſom aye inſ
With zeal unfeigned for her ſervice
And ſend him forth in chivalrous att
Arm'd at all points adventures to p
And wreak upon her foes his vowed ve

IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
Him ſoon the ſly enchaunter † over-
Clad like a fairy knight in armour
With painted ſhield, and ſpear right
In knightly ‡ guiſe and ſhew of § h
That aye prepared was for bloody fi
Whereat the ‖ Elfin knight with ſpe
Him firſt ſaluted, who, well as he n
Him fair ſalutes again, as ** ſeemeth c

s and ſciences for warriour * meet,
night that would in feats of arms excel,
, who † liefer chooſing calm retreat,
Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
re their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

XI.

, as he ſaid, beſeemed knight to know,
ill be they in Fairy-lond y-taught,
e every art and all fair virtues grow;
rious climes with various fruits are fraught,
uch in one hath full perfection ‡ raught
which no ſkill may in another rear.
›z'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
huge rock, that clomb ſo high in air,
m it he § uneath the murmuring ſurge mote hear.

XII.

ee the ſalt wave beyond in proſpect wide
icious plain the falſe enchaunter ſhow'd,
goodly caſtles deck'd on every ſide,
ſilver ſtreams, that down the champain flow'd,
waſh'd the vineyards that beſide them ſtood,
groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
rient beams diſplay'd withouten cloud,
:h lightly on the gliſtening waters play,
ige the caſtles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

›per, fit. † Rather. ‡ Reach'd. § Hardly.

Inſpir'd his jocund ſpirit with deligh
And eaſe of heart for ſoft perſuaſio
Then him the traytor baſe 'gan fair
And from the rock as downward th
Of that bleſt lond his praiſes 'gan r
Till he him moved hath with him t
So to the billowy ſhore their haſty ma

XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim an
Whoſe ſails full glad embrac'd the
There ſat a ſtranger † wight in qua
That ſeem'd of various garbs ‡ att
Of Europe, Afric, eaſt and weſtern
Als round about him many creature
Of ſeveral nations and of divers kin
Apes, ſerpents, birds with human
And monſters of the land, and wonde

And how to ſteer the wandering bark aright.
So to him ſtrait the falſe encounter bore,
And with him likewiſe brought the red-croſs knight:
Then fairly him beſought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverſe
ſhore.

XVI.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damſels gent and gay,
Who with ſoft ſmiles, and ſalutation ſweet,
And courteous violence would force them ſtay,
And reſt them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that moſt luxurioufly was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and ſea,
All that mote pleaſe the taſte, and charm the ſight,
The pleaſure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled ſound
Of feaſt and ſong and laughing jollity,
That in the noiſe was all diſtinction drown'd
Of graver ſenſe, or muſic's harmony.
Yet were there ſome in that blithe company
That aptly could diſcourſe of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wiſdom, and ſound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their ſacred ſtore,
Ne might their voice be heard 'mid riot and uproar.

XVIII. Thereto

* Adorned, ſet forth. † Would not.

All ſenſe and reliſh of a higher kind
Whereby the ſoul to virtue is refin'd
Inſtead whereof the arts of ſlavery
Were taught, of ſlavery perverſe and
That vainly boaſts her native liberty
Yet wears the chains of pride, of luſt,

XIX.

Of which the red-croſs knight right
Would in no wiſe agree with them t
Albeit with courtly glee their leader
* Hight Politeſſa, him did kindly we
But all was falſe pretence, and hollo
Falſe as the flowers which to their b
Or thoſe which ſeemed in their chee
For both were falſe, and not by Na
Falſe rivals of the ſpring, and beauty'

The which he toſſed to and fro amain,
And † eft his lathy falchion brandiſhed,
As if he meant fierce battle to ‡ darrain,
And like a wanton ape eft ſkip'd he on the plain.

XXI.

And eft about him ſkip'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careleſs notes their amorous ſong,
Match'd with like careleſs gueſts, like amorous play.
Als were they gorgeous, dreſs'd in rich array,
And well accepted of that female train,
Whoſe hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each proffer'd love receive without diſdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd ſwain.

XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes aſkaunce
Each damſel fires with love her glowing ſwain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In ſudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending ſo their daunce, each tender twain
To ſhady bowers forthwith themſelves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beſide a ſilver lake.

XXIII.

Thereat the red-croſs knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation ſwell,
To view in forms ſo made to be belov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;

But

† Often. ‡ Attempt.

But luſt inſtead, and falſehood, child of hel
And glutton ſloth, and love of gay attire:
And ſooth to ſay, them well could parallel
Their luſty * paramours in vain deſire;
Well fitted to each dame was every gallant ſq

XXIV.

Yet when their ſovereign calls them forth tc
Their ſovereign, whoſe † beheſts they moſt
Right wiſely can they menage war's alarms
And wield with valour great the martial ſpe
So that their name is dreaded far and near.
Oh! that for liberty they ſo did fight!
Then need not fairy-land their proweſs fear,
Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
Their friendſhip to beware, and ſenſe-deludin

XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But ſolely to ‡ aggrate their mighty lord,
For whom their deareſt blood they ‖ nillen ſ
When ſo him liſteth draw the conquering ſw
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meaneſt thr
Endued, ne with ſuperior wiſdom ſtor'd,
Sees at his feet proſtrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely ca

XXVI.

Thereto ſo high and ſtately was his port,
That all the petty kings him ſore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any ſort,
With all the mimic pageantry of pride,

* Lovers. † Commands. ‡ Pleaſe. ‖ Wi

And worſhip'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly ſycophants and * caitifs vile,
Who to thoſe ſervices themſelves apply'd,
And in that ſchool of ſervitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

XXVII.

For to that ſeminary of faſhions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They caſt to imitate ſuch ſemblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they diſdain to wear,
And back returning dreſt by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other underſtond.

XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who ſore was griev'd
To ſee the knight reject thoſe damſels gay,
Wherewith he thought him ſure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majeſty's bright ray:
So to a ſtately caſtle he him brought,
Which in the midſt of a great garden lay,
And wiſely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd ſurpaſſing human thought.

XXIX.

There underneath a ſumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the ſwoln form of royal † ſurquedry,
And deem'd itſelf ‡ allgates ſome creature rare,
While

* Scoundrels. † Pride. ‡ By all means, carino.

While its own haughty ſtate it mote compare
With the baſe countenance of the vaſſal fry,
That ſeem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear,
Ne any ſenſe, ne any faculty,
That did not to his throne owe ſervile miniſtry.

XXX.

Yet wiſt he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's ſhrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly ſhow,
And as he liſt th' imperial puppet play'd,
By ſecret ſprings and wheels right wiſely made,
That he the ſubtle wires mote not * avize,
But deem in ſooth that all he did or ſaid,
From his own motion and free grace did riſe,
And that he juſtly hight immortal, great, and wiſe.

XXXI.

And eke to each of that ſame gilded train,
That meekly round that lordly throne did ſtand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land.
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And thoſe ſame magic chains within his hand
Did ſeem to place, albeit by the end
He held them faſt, that none them from his gripe mote rend.

XXXII. He

* Diſcover, perceive.

XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown ſo crafty ſage,
That none his ſecret counſels mote deſcry,
Ne ſearch the mines of his deep ſubtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cheriſhed;
And traffic did promote and induſtry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in eaſe and plenty wallowed.

XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous ſplendor of the court,
* Sith the ſole buſineſs of the rich and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to reſort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to ſwell his royal ſtate,
Did pour large ſums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peaſants vile, beneath the throne
Who lay deep ſunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

XXXIV.

Behold, ſays Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!
Behold yon ſun of power, whoſe glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up thoſe princely flowers on every ſide;
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne ſpin, ne ſtain their ſilken pride
With care, or ſorrow, ſith withouten pain,
Them in eternal joy thoſe heavenly beams maintain.

* Since.

XXXV. Them

XXXV.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
And for them thouſands and ten thouſands * moil,
Gathering from land and ocean honied ſweets
For them, who in ſoft indolence the while
And ſlumbering peace enjoy the luſcious ſpoil;
And as they view around the careful bees
† Foreſpent with labour and inceſſant toil,
With the ſweet contraſt learn themſelves to pleaſe
And heighten by compare the luxury of eaſe.

XXXVI.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
That can rejoice to ſee another's woe!
And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow
That doth on ſloth and gluttony beſtow
The hard-earn'd fruits of induſtry and pain,
And to the dogs the labourer's morſel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that ſow'd the grain,
The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatneſs vain

XXXVII.

Oh foul abuſe of ſacred majeſty,
That boaſteth her fair ſelf from heaven y-ſprong
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, juſtice ſteady, bold and ſtrong,
To aid the meek, and curb oppreſſive wrong?
Where is the care and love of public good,
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
Who bids diſpenſe to all, what he for all beſtow'd?

XXXVIII. Do

* Work hard. † Quite ſpent.

XXXVIII.

Dwell'ſt thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends?
Diſſimulation, diſcord, malice fell,
Reckleſs ambition, that right onward * wends,
Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and friends,
And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
And flattery, curs'd aſſaſſin, who the while
He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiſs, and ſmile.

XXXIX.

Then 'gan he ſtrait unvail the mirrour bright,
The which fair † Una gave him heretofore,
Ere he as yet, with ‡ Paynim foe to fight,
For foreign land had left his native ſhore.
This in his careful breaſt he always bore,
And on it oft would caſt his wary eye;
For it by magic framed was of yore,
So that no falſhood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly ſeen, or fearfully did fly.

XL.

This on that gay aſſembly did he turn,
And ſaw confounded quite the gaudy ſcene;
Saw the cloſe fire that inwardly did burn,
And waſte the throbbing heart with ſecret ‖ teen;

* Goes.

† Una in Spenſer repreſents Truth, ſee B. 1. Fairy Queen.

‡ Heathen, the uſual enemy of knight-errants in Spenſer. ‖ Pain, anguiſh.

Saw baſe dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes; ſaw the magic chain
That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unſeen,
The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain,
And homage did require from each poor lowly ſwain.

XLI.

And though to that old mage they louted down,
Yet did they dearly wiſh for his decay:
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his tottering ſteps did ſtay,
And oft behind him ſkulk'd for great diſmay;
Als ſhook the throne, when ſo the villain crew,
That underneath oppreſs'd and groveling lay,
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redreſs and liberty did ſue.

XLII.

There mote he likewiſe ſee a ribbald train
Of dancers, broiderers, ſlaves of luxury,
Who caſt o'er all thoſe lords and ladies vain
A veil of ſemblaunce fair, and richeſt dye,
That none their inward baſeneſs mote deſcry.
But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright.
Which when falſe Archimago 'gan eſpy,
He feared for himſelf, and warn'd the knight
From ſo deteſted place to maken ſpeedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he paſſed, till he comen hath
To a ſmall river, that full ſlow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For ſtones and rubbiſh, that did choak its tide,

S

So lay the mouldering piles on every ſide,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her auncient greatneſs ſtill be ſeen,
All from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

XLIV.

For the rich ſpoil of all the continents,
The boaſt of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian braſs, Ægyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic ſculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artiſts taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And ſet before the eye of ſober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All theſe and many more that may not here be told.

XLV.

There in the middeſt of a ruin'd pile,
That ſeem'd a theatre of circuit vaſt,
Where thouſands might be ſeated, he erewhile
Diſcover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of ſtone together caſt
In nice diſorder and wild ſymmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, ſtatues half defac'd,
And pedeſtals with antique imagery
Imboſs'd, and pillars huge of coſtly porphyry.

XLVI.

Aloft on this ſtrange baſis was *ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye ſmiling with ſelf-bred delight,
In careleſs pride reclin'd a lady fair,

*Placed.

And to ſoft muſic lent her idle ear;
The which with pleaſure ſo did her enthral,
That for aught elſe ſhe had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, ſole king of pleaſures natural.

XLVII.

Als by her ſide, in richeſt robes array'd,
An eunuch ſate, of viſage pale and dead,
Unſeemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him ſhe courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely * ſted,
Though from the dregs of earth he ſpringen were,
And oft with regal crowns ſhe deck'd his head,
And oft, to ſooth her vain and fooliſh ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty † Keſars bear.

XLVIII.

Thereto herſelf a pompous title bore,
For ſhe was vain of her great auncеſtry,
But vainer ſtill of that prodigious ſtore
Of arts and learning, which ſhe vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treaſury.
Theſe ſhe to ſtrangers oftentimes would ſhew,
With grave demean and ſolemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praiſe and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù ſhe was ‡ yclept, and held her court
With outward ſhews of pomp and majeſty,
To which natheleſs few others did reſort,
But men of baſe and vulgar induſtry.

Or

* Seat or place. † Emperors. ‡ Called or named.

Or ſuch perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fidlers, pipers, eunuchs ſqueaking fine,
Painters and builders, ſons of maſonry,
Who well could meaſure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

L.

But other ſkill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the houſe for dwelling beſt,
With ſelf-ſufficient ſcorn they wont neglect,
As correſponding with their purpoſe leaſt;
And herein be they copied of the reſt,
Who aye pretending love of ſcience fair,
And generous purpoſe to adorn the breaſt
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

LI.

For long, to viſit her once-honour'd ſeat
The ſtudious ſons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable reliques to adore
And load their boſom with the ſacred ſtore,
Whereof the world large treaſure yet enjoys.
But * ſithence ſhe declin'd from wiſdom's lore,
They left her to diſplay her pompous toys
To virtuoſi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth † long
Of uſhers in her court well practiſed,
Who aye about the monied ſtranger throng,
Offering with ſhews of courteous ‡ bountihed

* Since. † Belong. ‡ Good-nature or civility.

Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
And ſhew him all the wonders of her ſtate,
Whoſe names and price they wiſely can * areed,
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures falſe and true right well diſcriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him, whoſe tongue
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
And thundering through the Roman ſenate, rung
His bold Philippicks in Antonius' ear;
Which when the Fairy heard, he ſigh'd full dear,
And, caſting round his quick diſcerning eye,
At every † deal he dropt a manly tear,
As he the ſtately buildings mote deſcry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

LIV.

And, oh! imperial city! then he ſaid,
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
Thou ſittedſt erſt unequal'd and alone,
And madeſt through the world thy greatneſs known:
While from the weſtern iſles, to Indus' ſhore,
From ſeven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the ſtrong-pounc'd eagle bore,
And taught the nations round thy faſces to adore.

LV. And

* Relate or declare. Theſe under ſort of antiquaries, who go about with ſtrangers to ſhew them the antiquities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.

† At every turn, every now and then.

LV.

oth among thy reliques nought remain,
le portion of that haughty ſpright,
made thee whilom ſcorn ſoft Pleaſure's chain,
n free Virtue place thy chief delight,
eby through ages ſhone thy glory bright?
is there nought remaining to confound
ſe who, regardleſs of thy woeful plight,
h idle wonder view thy ruins round,
without thought ſurvey thy memorable wound?

LVI.

iſe, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
nat all theſe mighty ruins ſcatter'd wide
he ſepulchres of Roman virtue were,
nd trophies vaſt of luxury and pride,
hoſe fell diſeaſes whereof Rome erſt dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanic thought
Your courſe, ye ſons of Fairy, hither guide,
That ye thoſe gay refinements may be taught,
ich liberty's fair lond to ſhame and thraldom brought?

LVII.

Let Rome thoſe vaſſal arts now meanly boaſt,
Which to her vanquiſh'd thralls ſhe erſt reſign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom ſhe has loſt,
That great prerogative of human-kind,
Cloſe to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich poſſeſſion to maintain,
Learn virtue, juſtice, conſtancy of mind,
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleaſure's train;
Be theſe your arts, ye brave; theſe only are human

LVIII.

As he thus ſpake, th' enchaunter half aſham'd
Wiſt not what fitting anſwer to deviſe,
Als was his caitive heart well-nigh inflam'd,
By that ſame knight ſo virtuous, brave, and wiſ
That long he doubts him farther to entice.
But he was harden'd and remorſeleſs grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him ſoon,
As in another place hereafter ſhall be ſhown.

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,
Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Baronet.

" Unum ſtudium verè liberale eſt, quod liberum facit.
" Hoc ſapientiæ ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte, mag-
" nanimum: cætera puſilla & puerilia ſunt. — Pſus
" ſcire velle quàm ſit ſatis intemperantiæ genus eſt.
" Quid, quòd iſta liberalium artium conſectatio
" moleſtos, verboſos, intempeſtivos, ſibi placentes
" facit, & ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia ſu-
" pervacua didicerunt." SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY diſcipline! from heaven y-ſprung!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong:
O! bid thoſe Graces, in fair chorus join'd

With

With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind!
O bid the Muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize the ſtrain,
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain!

And thou, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heavenly Providence,
With tendereſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe;
With mildeſt awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the ſmooth walks of Truth and Innocence;
Where Happineſs heart-felt, Contentment ſweet,
Philoſophy divine, aye hold their bleſt retreat.

Thou, moſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd!
Accept this verſe, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tye endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendſhip true,
The whiles this moral theſis I purſue,
And trace the plan of goodly * Nurture o'er,
I bring thy modeſt virtues into view;
And proudly boaſt that from thy precious ſtore,
Which erſt enrich'd my heart, I drew this ſacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus ſhall I beſt repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love beſtow'd;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuſe th' important good,

Till

* Nurture, Education.

"Till this great truth by all be underſtood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe,
"Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
"The ſeeds of every virtue here below,
From diſcipline alone, and early culture, grow."

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to * Pædia's houſe
He his young ſon conveys,
Is ſtaid by Cuſtom; with him fights,
And his vain pride diſdays.

I.

A Gentle Knight there was, whoſe noble deeds
O'er Fairy land by Fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterprize, and ſage † areeds
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domeſtic peace,
That port, to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life, for calm ſequeſter'd eaſe.

II. There

* Pædia is a Greek word, ſignifying education.
† Areeds, counſels.

II.

There in domeſtic virtue rich and great
As erſt in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primæval patriarchal ſtate,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith y-link'd, a matron ſage
Aye dwelt; ſweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs, his ſorrows to aſſuage

III.

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain,
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grov
Which round the temple of Olympick Jove,
Begirt with youthful bloom the * parent tree,
The ſacred olive; whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The † guerdons of bold ſtrength and ſwift acti

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly roſe
Theſe generous ſcyons: they with watchful ca
Still, as the ſwelling paſſions 'gan diſcloſe
The buds of future virtues, did prepare

* *Parent tree, the ſacred olive.*] This tree gr
the Altis, or ſacred grove of Olympick Jupit
Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, beer
ginally planted there by Hercules. It was eſte
ſacred, and from that were taken the Olympick cr

† Guerdons, rewards.

prudent culture the young ſhoots to rear:
ye in this endearing pious toil
by a * palmer ſage inſtructed were,
rom deep thought and ſtudious ſearch erewhile
nt to mend the heart, and till the human ſoil.

V.

r celeſtial Wiſdom whilom led
igh all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
ew'd the ſecret ſtores, and mark'd the † ſted
dgment, wit, and memory aſſign'd;
iow ſenſation and reflection join'd
ll with images her darkſome grotte,
e, variouſly disjointed or combin'd,
aſon, fancy, or opinion wrought,
arious maſks they play'd, and fed her penſive
hought.

VI.

e through the fields of Science had he ſtray'd
eager ſearch, and ſent his piercing eye
ugh each learn'd ſchool, each philoſophic ſhade,
e Truth and Virtue erſt were deem'd to lie;
ply the fair vagrants he § mote ſpy,
ar the muſic of their charming lore:
ll unable there to ſatisfy
urious ſoul, he turn'd him to explore
red writ of Faith; to learn, believe, adore.

VII. Thence

lmer, pilgrim. The perſon here ſignified is Mr. characterized by his works.
l, place, ſtation. ‡ Alſe, alſo, further.
te, might.

VII.

Thence foe profeſs'd of Falſhood and Deceit,
Thoſe fly artificers of tyranny,
* Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to Knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led, to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law;
That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrours awe.

VIII.

† Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride;
But, ſtooping from his height, would even dei
The feeble ſteps of Infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praiſe proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude
wide,
By him hath been y-taught his courſe to fram
To Virtue's ſweet abodes, and heaven-aſpiring F

IX.

For this the Fairy Knight with anxious thoug
And fond paternal care, his counſel pray'd;
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid;

* Aye, ever. † Ne, nor.

hile his tender offspring he convey'd,
gh devious paths to that ſecure retreat;
ſage Pædîa, with each tuneful maid,
ide mount had fix'd her rural ſeat,
ery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

ow forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
at ſame virtuous palmer them to guide;
all to point, and on a courſer fair
nted high, in military pride,
le train before he ſlow did ride.
e behind a gentle ſquire * enſues,
is young lord aye marching ſide by ſide,
inſellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
aſe.

XI.

s their pleaſing journey they purſued,
earful argument beguiling pain:
g deſcending from an hill they view'd
their eyes out-ſtretch'd a ſpacious plain.
uitful ſhew'd, and apt for every grain,
ures, vines, and flowers; while Nature fair
niling all around with countenance ‡ fain
to demand the tiller's art and care,
eſs to correct, her laviſh waſte repair.

XII. Right

s, follows. † Thews, manners.
earneſt, eager.

XII.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the ſoil,
Aye wont in happy ſeaſon to repay
With tenfold uſury the peaſant's toil.
But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
The ſheep ſhorne down with barren * brakes o'ergrown
The whiles the merry peaſants ſport and play,
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or every public care from every breaſt was flown.

XIII.

Aſtoniſh'd at a ſcene at once ſo fair
And ſo deform'd; with wonder and delight
At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
In ſtudious thought a while the Fairy Knight
Bent on that goodly † lond his eager ſight:
Then forward ruſh'd, impatient to deſcry
What towns and caſtles there-in were ‡ empight;
For towns him ſeem'd, and caſtles he did ſpy,
As to th' horizon round he ſtretch'd his roaming eye.

XIV.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide ſtream, that with tumultuous roar
Amongſt rude rocks its winding courſe did frame.
Black was the wave and ſordid, cover'd o'er
Wit

* Brakes, briars. † Lond, land.
‡ Empight, placed.

With angry foam, and ſtain'd with infants' gore.
Thereto along th' unlovely margin ſtood
A birchen grove that, waving from the ſhore,
Aye caſt upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoiſon'd all the flood.

XV.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
Not diſtant far a forked mountain roſe;
In outward form preſenting to the ſight
That fam'd Parnaſſian hill, on whoſe fair brows
The Nine Aonian Siſters wont repoſe;
Liſtening to ſweet Caſtalia's ſounding ſtream,
Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows,
But this to that compar'd mote juſtly ſeem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's eſteem.

XVI.

For this nor founded deep, nor ſpredden wide,
Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art through tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with ſtudious pain,
Was * erſt up-thrown; if ſo it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be † hight
The noble ſeat of Learning's goodly train.
Thereto, the more to captivate the ſight,
It like a garden fair moſt curiouſly was ‡ dight.

* Erſt, formerly. † Hight, called, named.
‡ Dight, dreſt.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
By meaſure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd,
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd, ſhade to ſhade;
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flowers,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Through ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhowers,
And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven bowers.

XVIII.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on every ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhorne, and with prepoſterous ſkill
To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous ſize;
Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
High-heaping, ſought with impious vain * empriz,
Deſpite of thundering Jove, to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

XIX.

Alſe other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair Nature miſ-adorning there were found:
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids and piers
With ſprouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd;
And

* Emprize, enterprize, attempt.

And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt,
All were their bellying ſails out-ſpread to every blaſt.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And viſto's broad, the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne ſhone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful Summers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by Winter's cold.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majeſty Nine Virgins ſate,
In features various, as unlike in mind:
Alſe boaſted they themſelves of heavenly kind,
And to the ſweet Parnaſſian Nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apiſh pride,
O'er every learned ſchool aye claim'd they to preſide.

* All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh Poets for although.

XXII.

In antique garbs (for modern they diſdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artiſts * whilom made,
Of various woofs, and variouſly diſtain'd
With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiouſly diſplay'd
A purple ſhred of ſome rich robe, prepar'd
Erſt by the Muſes or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan Bard;
Which o'er each motley veſt with uncouth ſplendor glar'd.

XXIII.

And well their outward veſture did expreſs
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wiſdom's antiquated dreſs,
And uſages by time caſt far behind.
Thence, to the charms of younger ſcience blind,
The cuſtoms, laws, the learning, arts and phraſe
Of their own countries they with ſcorn declin'd;
Ne ſacred truth herſelf would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward caſting their ſurvey;
To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in proſpect lay
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn

* Whilom, formerly.

Their buſy ſearch, and o'er the rubbiſh mourn.
Then, gathering up with ſuperſtitious care
Each little ſcrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
his Ennius, Varro; This the Stagirite did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable ſound,
While o'er the world they ſtretch'd their awful rod;
Through all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wiſe and good.
Alſe from each region to their * drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taſte
The ſtreams of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich ſources caſt;
nd to the vale below in one rude torrent paſs'd.

XXVI.

O'er every ſource, protectreſs of the ſtream,
One of thoſe Virgin Siſters did preſide;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of ſcholaſtic pride
Deſpotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praiſe, with adulation join'd,
nd diſingenuous ſcorn, and impotence of mind.

* Drad, dreadful.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every ſide,
In circuit vaſt a verdant valley ſpread;
Acroſs whoſe uniform flat boſom glide
Ten thouſand ſtreams, in winding mazes led,
By various ſluices from one common head;
A turbid maſs of waters, vaſt, profound,
Night of Philology the lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring ſound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

XXVIII.

And every where this ſpacious valley o'er,
Faſt by each ſtream was ſeen a numerous throng
Of beardleſs ſtriplings to the birch-crown'd ſhore,
By nurſes, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
Who, helpleſs, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender ſide
Of their fond mothers, and by * faitours ſtrong,
By power made inſolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and laſh'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they ſtood,
And, caſting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'ſcape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;

But

* Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed, commonly uſed by Spenſer in a bad ſenſe.

But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Conſtrain'd his ſtrong compunctions to repreſs;
While cloſe behind, aſſuming the diſguiſe
Of nurturing care, and ſmiling tenderneſs,
With ſecret ſcourges arm'd, thoſe grieſly faitours preſs.

XXX.

As on the ſteepy margin of a brook,
When the young ſun with flowery Maia rides:
With innocent diſmay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
The ſhepherd-ſwain at firſt exhorting chides
Their * ſeely fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender ſides;
And, all regardleſs of their piteous moan,
Into the daſhing wave compels them furious down.

XXXI.

Thus urg'd by maſtering fear and dolorous † teen
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the ſpectacle, I ween,
Of tender ſtriplings ſtain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the diſtant ſhore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood ſtood
The ſyren Liberty, and ever-more
Solicited their hearts with her inchanting lore.

* Seely, ſimple. † Teen, pain, grief.

XXXII.

Irkſome and long the paſſage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
By ſudden burſts of angry tempeſts vex'd
Oft daſh'd the youth, whoſe ſtrength mote ill abide
With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-paſt
The middle ſtream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd * aſtounded and aghaſt;
Ne one regardful look would ever backward caſt.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
Their toilſome courſe with patient pain purſued;
And, though with many a bruiſe and † muchel blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued
Deep in the muddy ſtream, with hearts ſubdued
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the ſhore at laſt,
But in life's practic ‡ lear unſkill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they ſilent pac'd;
Where hid in ſtudious ſhades their fruitleſs hours they waſte.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Though with the crowd to paſs the flood conſtrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides and in all depths ſuſtain'd,
Skimm'd

* Aſtounded, aſtoniſh'd. † Muchel, much.
‡ Lear, learning.

Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unſtain'd,
Save with the ſprinkling of the watery ſpray:
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and eaſe, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
With ſubtle ſpirits endow'd and ſinews ſtrong,
* Albe ſore † mated by the tempeſts ſhrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briſkly through the waves; and, forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardor from the throng
Of rival youths, outſtript the labouring crew,
And to the true ‡ Parnaſſe and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every ſhore
Diſcordant echoes ſtruck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with ſobs and ‖ ſingults ſore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious ſtripes, and angry threats ſevere,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring ſound
Of all the various ſpeeches that § while-ere
On Shinar's wide-ſpread champain did aſtound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

XXXVII. Much

* Albe, although.
† Mated, amazed, ſcared.
‡ Parnaſſe, Parnaſſus.
‖ Singults, ſighs.
§ While-ere, formerly.

XXXVII.

Much was the knight empaſſion'd at the ſcene,
But more his blooming ſon, whoſe tender breaſt
Empierced deep with ſympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the ſigns of drad impreſs'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which ſore diſtreſs'd
Up to his ſire he rais'd in mournful wiſe;
Who with ſweet ſmiles paternal ſoon redreſs'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each ſad ſurmiſe;
Then turns his ready ſteed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was ſtay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united ſound
Of ſhouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And ſhook the groves, the floods, and ſolid ground;
The diſtant hills rebellow'd all around.
"Arreſt, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
"Nor with preſumptuous diſobedience wound
"That aweful majeſty which all revere!
"In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations
"hear!"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the Knight, and ſaw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
And viſage all inflam'd with fierce diſdain,
A monſtrous Giant, on whoſe brow elate

Shone

Shone the bright enſign of imperial ſtate;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While ſenates, prieſts and kings his * ſovran ſceptre own.

XL.

Cuſtom he height; and aye in every land
Uſurp'd dominion with deſpotic ſway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Conſtrains even ſtubborn Nature to obey;
Whom diſpoſſeſſing oft, he doth aſſay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So ſoft and gentle doth he win his way,
That ſhe unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul diſgrace.

XLI.

For nurturing, even from their tendereſt age,
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to every ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train,
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alſe his beheſts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuades them to revere,
As inſtitutions ſage, and venerable lear.

XLII. Pre-

* Sovran, for ſovereign.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of thoſe Sifters Nine,
Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
Feed the full ſtreams, that through the valley ſhine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
* Like thoſe, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore
Perforce their ſacred names, and learn their ſacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the fairy Knight now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear,
When known and practis'd then at diſtance ſeen)
And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain,
And all due honours pay to Learning's reverend train.

XLIV.

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. And I myſelf (ſays Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have ſeen ſeveral of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, ſurnamed Orthia.

Upon the Fairy Youth with great diſmay
In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd:
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant * lay,
Him to thoſe ſcientific ſtreams convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be † embay'd.

XLV.

The Knight his tender ſon's diſtreſsful ‡ ſtour
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew:
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that power,
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew.
For that proud giant's force he wiſely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from Virtue's paths aſide,
Oft had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

XLVI.

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear;
Where-with the giant he ſo rudely ſmot,
That him perforce conſtrain'd to || wend arrear.
Who, much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recovering ſoon,
Forth-with his maſſy ſceptre 'gan up-rear;
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldeſt § fone.

XLVII. With

* Lay, mead. † Embay'd, bathed, dipt.
‡ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.
|| Wend arrear, move backwards. § Fone, foes.

XLVII.

With that enormous mace the Fairy Knight
So ſore he * bet, that all his armour † bray'd,
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but he was ſtay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard aſſay:
So lightly from his ſteed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his ‡ trenchant blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful ſhield;
And warily forecaſting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With reſtleſs ſteps aye traverſing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceleſs, mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft he did him ‖ gride,
That his gold-ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dy'd.

XLIX.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were § pight
The forts of life: ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite

A power

* Bet, beat. † Bray'd, reſounded.
‡ Trenchant, cutting. ‖ Gride, cut, hack.
§ Pight, placed.

power ſo puiſſant by his ſingle might
l he preſume to hope: himſelf alone
m lawleſs force to free, in bloody fight
ſtood; content to bow to Cuſtom's throne,
ſon mote not bluſh his ſovran rule to own.

L.

well he warded, and ſo fiercely preſs'd
s foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
t * nould he algates lower his haughty creſt;
t maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay,
ſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
one unworthy of his princely care;
ien proudly caſting on the warlike † fay
ſmile of ſcorn and pity, through the air
low his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

LI.

tſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound,
e ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
nfus'dly trooping from all quarters round
me pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
every ſex and order, old and young;
ie vaſſals of great Cuſtom's wide domain,
ho, to his lore inur'd by uſage long,
s every ſummons heard with pleaſure fain,
felt his every wound with ſympathetic pain.

LII. They,

* Nould he algates, would not by any means.
† Fay, fairy.

LII.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
And ſaw an armed Knight him ſtanding near,
Attended by that Palmer ſage and bold;
Whoſe venturous ſearch of devious truth while-ere
Spread through the realms of learning horrors drear,
Y-ſeized were at firſt with terrors great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear,
Diſſention factious, controverſial hate,
And innovations ſtrange in Cuſtom's peaceful ſtate.

LIII.

But when they ſaw the Knight his fauchion ſheathe,
And climbing to his ſteed march thence away,
With all his hoſtile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer ſpirit, and with aſpect gay
Soon chat'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
Alſe their great monarch, cheared with the view
Of myriads, who confeſs his ſovran ſway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
And on his bugle clear a ſtrain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that ſtood around,
Sent up at once a univerſal roar
Of boiſterous joy: the ſudden-burſting ſound,
Like the exploſion of a warlike ſtore
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted * welkin tore.
Then turning towards the Knight, with ſcoffings loud,
Heart-piercing inſults, and revilings ſore,
Loud burſts of laughter vain, and hiſſes rude,
As through the throng he paſs'd, his parting ſteps purſued.

* Welkin, ſky.

LV. Alſe

LV.

Alſe from that forked hill the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious Peace and mild Philoſophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſtering their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rouz'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe ſame Maidens Nine, began to ſound
Her brazen-trump of blackening obloquy:
While Satire, with dark clouds encompaſt round,
Sharp, ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

LVI.

But the brave Fairy Knight, no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
With curious eye obſerving, as he ſtray'd
Through the wide provinces of Cuſtom's reign,
What mote afreſh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain;
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound,
In city, village, bower, or caſtle, mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, caſtle, bower, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne ſuffer'd ought diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne public woes,
Reſtraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor heaven's tempeſtuous threats, nor earth's convulſive throes.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on Fortune's upper ſtage;
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on Nurture and Inſtruction ſage,
If happy their wiſe * heſts mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble praiſe;
And as they mount, enlighten every age
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abus'd the means of pleaſures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſign'd.

LX.

Hence thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they eſſay;
But or benumb'd with palſied Idleneſs
In meerly living loiter'd life away.

Or,

* Heſts, beheſts, precepts, commands.

Or, by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For-ever wandering in the ſenſual bowers
Of feveriſh Debauch, and luſtful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

LXI.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
Though the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd board
Of beaſtly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects, through the ſummer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And taſting every flower and bloſſom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought,
Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, ſo taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways the bliſsful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for every where,
As nigh great Cuſtom's royal towers the Knight
Paſs'd throughs th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival Delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers,
Offering her evening-vows to Pleaſure's joyous power.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he eſpy
Men, women, children, a promiſcuous throng
Of rich, poor, wiſe and ſimple, low and high,
By land, by water, paſſing aye along
With mummers, antics, muſic, dance, and ſong,
To Pleaſure's numerous temples, that beſide
The gliſtening ſtreams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot ſtood open wide,
And every gay deſire with various joys ſupplied.

LXV.

For there each earth with diverſe charms to move,
The ſly inchantreſs ſummon'd all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,
And Phœbus tuning his ſoft Lydian ſtrain
To wanton motions, and the lover's ſigh,
And thought-beguiling ſhew, and maſking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet aſſociates theſe for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aſpire;
And for the works of Virtue, Faith, and Truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.

ne which avizing well, the cautious ſire
om that ſoft ſyren land of Pleaſaunce vain,
ith timely haſte was minded to retire,
Or ere the ſweet contagion mote attain
ſon's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious ſtain.

LXVII.

› turning from that beaten road aſide,
hrough many a devious path at length he pac'd,
.s that experienc'd Palmer did him guide,
ill to a mountain hoare they came at laſt;
/hoſe high-rais'd brows with ſylvan honours grac'd,
[ajeſtically frown'd upon the plain,
.nd over all an awful horrour caſt.
:em'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain,
ich ſpangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

LXVIII.

'he hill aſcended ſtrait, ere-while they came
'o a tall grove, whoſe thick-embowering ſhade,
npervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
v'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
.ike to that ſober light, which, diſarray'd
)f all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
Along ſome cloiſter'd abbey faintly gleams,
ſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-muſing themes.

* Or ere, before.

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-archin
Of cluſtering oaks, a ſylvan
Aye liſtening to the native mu
Of birds ſweet-echoing throu
On to the centre of the grove
Which, in a ſpacious circle o
Within its ſheltering arms ſe
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a val
With Nature's artleſs ſmiles a
crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the baſis of an anc
Whoſe croſs-ſurmounted ſpire
A venerable Matron they ere-
Diſcover'd have, beſide a mur
Reclining in right ſad and pen
Retir'd within her own abſtrac
She ſeem'd o'er various woes b
The which her changing chear
Now glowing with diſdain, with

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious
When-as the Knight perceiv'd
To weet what bitter bale did h
And whence th' occaſion of he

* Over-keſt, for ov

For that right noble Matron well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours ſore,
Had for her ſake endur'd; her vaſſal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to reſpect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O deareſt drad! he cried, fair iſland queen!
Mother of heroes! Empreſs of the Main!
What means that ſtormy brow of troublous teen?
* Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her ſmiling train
Of ſciences and arts, adorns thy reign
With wealth and knowledge, ſplendour and renown?
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While Liberty ſecures and heightens every boon!

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of penſive woe
By theſe fair flattering words, ſhe rais'd her head;
And, bending on the Knight her frowning brow,
Mock'ſt thou my ſorrows, Fairy Son? ſhe ſaid.
Or is thy judgment by thy heart miſled
To deem that certain, which thy hopes ſuggeſt?
To deem them full of life and † luſtihead,
Whoſe cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dreſt,
And with Joy's careleſs mien, and dimpled ſmiles impreſt?

* Sith, ſince. † Luſtihead, ſtrong health, vigour.

LXXIV.

Thy unſuſpecting heart how nobly good
I know, how ſanguine in thy country's cauſe!
And mark'd thy virtue, ſingly how it ſtood
Th' aſſaults of mighty Cuſtom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From Reaſon's lore th' ambitious and the vain
By the ſweet lure of popular applauſe,
Againſt their better knowledge, to maintain
The lawleſs throne of Vice, or Folly's childiſh reig

LXXV.

How vaſt his influence! how wide his ſway!
Thyſelf ere-while by proof didſt underſtand:
And ſaw'ſt, as through his realms thou took'ſt thy w
How Vice and Folly had o'erſpread the land.
And canſt thou then, O Fairy Son, demand
The reaſon of my woe? or hope to eaſe
The throbbings of my heart with ſpeeches blan
And words more apt my ſorrows to increaſe,
The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty, and P

LXXVI.

Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that nobleſt boon
Are bleſſings, only to the wiſe and good.
To weak and vicious minds their worth unkno
And thence abus'd but ſerve to furniſh food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-ſpic'd luxury; whence Strife, Deb
Ambition, Envy, Faction's viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate;
The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeas'd, and bloated

LXXVII.

LXXVII.

Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
Of Arts and Muſes, though from Heaven above
Deſcended, when their talents they profane
To varniſh Folly, kindle wanton Love,
And aid excentric ſceptic Pride to rove
Beyond celeſtial Truth's attractive ſphere,
This moral ſyſtem's central ſun, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

LXXVIII.

And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
Have they conſider'd well, and underſtood,
The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear,
Which the great Lord of Nature hath beſtow'd
As well to prove, as to reward the good?
Whence are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy ſeas
Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
And upon ſhipwreck'd Faith and ſinking Virtue preys?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
With friendly voice I call, and honeſt zeal!
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and ſickneſs of the commonweal;
The maladies you cauſe, yourſelves muſt heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will Truth and Reaſon make their juſt appeal;
In vain will ſacred Wiſdom cry aloud;
And Juſtice drench in vain her vengeful ſword in blood.

LXXX. With

LXXX.

With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vaſt body politic; whoſe baſe,
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery conſign'd,
All the rich ſtores of Science have reſign'd
To you, that by the craftſman's various toil,
The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourſelves and them, may dreſs the mental ſoil.

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the truſt
In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
Conſume in pleaſure, or unactive ruſt;
But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
The godlike taſk to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
Yourſelves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a leſſon, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to all or moſt I do not ſpeak)
In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old,
The ſtrong Circæan charm you cannot break,
Nor re-aſſume at will your native * mould,
Yet envy not the ſtate you could not hold;
And take compaſſion on the riſing age:
In them redeem your errours manifold;
And, by due diſcipline and nurture ſage,
In Virtue's lore betimes your docile ſons engage.

* Mould, ſhape, form.

LXXXIII. Yo

LXXXIII.

You chiefly, who like me in ſecret mourn
The prevalence of Cuſtom lewd and vain;
And you, who, though, by the rude torrent borne
Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
To his beheſts, and act what you diſdain,
Yet nouriſh in your hearts the generous love
Of piety and truth, no more reſtrain
The manly zeal; but all your ſinews move
The preſent to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV.

Eftſoons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
Yon haughty Giant, who ſo proudly ſways
A ſceptre by repute alone upheld;
Who where he cannot dictate ſtrait obeys.
Accuſtom'd to conform his flattering phraſe
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV.

Ne for the atchievement of this great emprize
The want of means or counſel may ye dread.
From my Twin-daughters' fruitful wombs ſhall riſe
A race of letter'd ſages, deeply read
In Learning's various writ: by whom y-led
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
Where antique Wiſdom whilom wont to tread,
With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

LXXXVI. Your-

LXXXVI.

Yourſelves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Hiſtorians, bards, philoſophers, have taught;
Join'd with whatever elſe of modern date
Maturer judgment, ſearch more accurate,
Diſcover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn ſtate
Of cell-bred diſcipline, and ſmoothe the road
That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wiſdom's bright abode.

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her ſecret bowers,
Then ſhall Pædîa reaſcend her throne
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
While from their forked mount deſcending down
Yon ſupercilious pedant train ſhall own
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Y-taught a leſſon in their ſchools unknown,
" To Learning's richeſt treaſures to prefer
" The knowledge of the world, and man's great buſ
" there."

LXXXVIII.

On this prime ſcience, as the final end
Of all her diſcipline and nurturing care,
Her eye Pædîa fixing aye ſhall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which Vice and Folly ſhall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainſt Pleaſure's treacherous joys, and Pain's emb
rage.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX.

ıall my youthful ſons, to Wiſdom led
example and ingenuous praiſe,
villing feet the paths of Duty tread;
gh the world's intricate or rugged ways
ted by Religion's ſacred rays;
ſoul-invigorating influence
urge their minds from all impure allays
lid ſelfiſhneſs and brutal ſenſe,
ll th' ennobled heart with bleſs'd benevolence.

XC.

alſo ſhall this emblematic pile,
gic whilom fram'd to ſympathize
all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe,
with their growth, and to th' applauding ſkies
liant croſs uplift; the while, to grace
nultiplying niches, freſh ſupplies
ɔrthies ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
lowing their ſires in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

with th' idea of her future fame,
oſe majeſtic from her lowly ſtead;
e from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame,
beaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
monumental pile; and as her head
very front ſhe turn'd, diſcover'd round
venerable forms of heroes dead;
), for their various merit erſt renown'd,
bright fane of glory, ſhrines of honour found.

XCII. On

XCII.

On theſe that royal dame her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt; and ever as ſhe ſpy'd
Forth from the ground the lengthening ſtructure rise
With new-plac'd ſtatues deck'd on every ſide,
Her parent-breaſt would ſwell with generous pride.
And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain,
The Knight awhile conſtraining to abide,
She to the Fairy Youth with pleaſure fain
Thoſe ſculptur'd chiefs did ſhew, and their great lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND'S Hermitage.

NE gay attire, ne marble-hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with pyes of perigord;
Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis;
Let me ne more myſelf deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainſt them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always with me dwell;

T

ı caſt, ſweet Saint, a circle round,
bleſs from fools this holy ground;
ı all the foes to worth and truth,
ı wanton old, and homely youth;
gravely dull, and pertly gay,
aniſh theſe; and, by my fay,
t well I ween that in this age,
: houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

h theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtic cell,
Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
u, who dare our hermitage diſdain,
drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

ceet bird, that ſing'ſt on yonder ſpray,
riue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay;
hile I beneath this breezy ſhade,
peace repoſe my careleſs head;
ıd joining thy enraptur'd ſong,
ſtruct the world-enamour'd throng,
ıat the contented harmleſs breaſt
ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION on a SUMMER-HOUSE Belonging to Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM, in KENT.

(An Imitation of AUSONIUS, "Ad Villam.")

NOT wrapt in ſmoky London's ſulphurous clouds,
And not far diſtant, ſtands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleaſures cloy;
Swift as my changing wiſh, I change the ſcene;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

ONTENTS

OF

E.S T'S POEMS.

DES OF PINDAR.

firſt Olympick Ode, - - - Page 133
ınd, - - - - - 144
- - - - - - 155
- - - - - - 161
- - - - - 168
- - - - 179
- - - - 182
ı, - - - - 186
ʼythian Ode, - - 190
Nemean Ode, - - - - 202
ıth Nemean Ode, - - 209
d Iſthmian Ode, - - 216
of Orpheus, and the ſetting out of the
Tranſlated from the Argonautics of
ius Rhodius, - - 221
of Phineus. From the ſame, - 225
n of Cleanthes, - - - 232
nphs of the Gout, - - 235

On the Abuſe of Travelling. A Canto, in Imitation of Spenſer, - - Page 259
Education. A Poem: written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of Spenſer's Fairy Queen, 281
Father Francis's Prayer. Written in Lord Weſtmorland's Hermitage, - - - 318
Inſcription in a Summer-houſe belonging to Mr. Weſt, at Wickham, in Kent, - 320

POEMS

O E M S

BY

MR. G R A Y.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade*,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

* - - - - - a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
SHAKESP. MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM.

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herd's repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun †.

To contemplation's ſober eye ‡
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

* "Nare per æſtatem liquidam —"
VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.

† — — — — ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their waved coats drop'd with gold.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VII.

‡ While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, IN THE GROTTO.
DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES, VOL. V. P. 161.

Methinks

ks I hear in accents low
ortive kind reply:
foraliſt! and what art thou?
ary fly!
ys no glittering female meets,
: haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
ted plumage to diſplay:
y wings thy youth is flown:
n is ſet, thy ſpring is gone —
lick while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The

hapleſs Nymph with wonder ſaw:
hiſker firſt, and then a claw,
ith many an ardent wiſh,
tretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
t female heart can gold deſpiſe?
hat Cat 's averſe to fiſh?

mptuous Maid! with looks intent
n ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
r knew the gulph between.
ignant Fate ſate by, and ſmil'd)
ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd,
: tumbled headlong in.

t times emerging from the flood
new'd to every watery god,
me ſpeedy aid to ſend.
olphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd;
:ruel Tom, nor Sufan heard,
favourite has no friend!

hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
v, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
ıd be with caution bold.
ll, that tempts your wandering eyes
heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
t all that gliſters, gold.

ODE

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's * holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleaſing ſhade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!

I feel

* King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.

l the gales, that from ye blow,
momentary bliſs beſtow,
waving freſh their gladſome wing,
weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
d, * redolent of joy and youth,
breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
ull many a ſprightly race
iſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſt

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing, when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health, of roſy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet ſee how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;
Or pining Love, ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

* — Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Yet

Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where Ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

HYMN

HYMN
TO
ADVERSITY.

—— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs Power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.

Light

Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſtening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The generous ſpark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ELEGY

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

* — "ſquilla di lontano
"Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore."
DANTE. PURGAT. l. 8.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle y
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn gleb
How jocund did they drive their te
How bow'd the woods beneath the

Let not Ambition mock their uſefu
Their homely joys, and deſtiny ob
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainf
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of
And all that beauty, all that wealth
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the g

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to theſe
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophi
Where through the long-drawn aiſle
The peeling anthem ſwells the note

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
"Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
"To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

* "Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
"Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiuſi
"Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
PETRARCH. SON. 169.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
"That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
"His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
"And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
"Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
"Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

"One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
"Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
"Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
"Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in ſad array
"Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
"Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
"Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Miſery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

* — preventoſa ſpeme. PETRARCH. SON. 114.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Author firſt publiſhed this and the following Ode, he was adviſed, even by his Friends, to ſubjoin ſome few explanatory Notes; but had too much reſpect for the underſtanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

*AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
DAVID'S PSALMS.

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰολὶς μολπὴ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

L. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft control,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
† Perching on the ſcepter'd hand.

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent ſallies of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a faint imitation of ſome incomparable lines in the ſame Ode.

Of

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
‡ The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
HOMER. Od. Θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the ſolar ‖ road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the ſhivering native's dull abode.

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given to mankind by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence, to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar. COWLEY.

‡ Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welſh Fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs.]

‖ "Extra anni ſoliſque vias—" VIRGIL.
"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole." Petrarch, Canzon 2.

And

And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languiſh
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

Till

Till the ſad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt,
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled coaſt.

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
‡ He paſs'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time

* Shakeſpeare.
† Milton.
‡ "—flammantia mœnia mundi." LUCRETIUS

T

* The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
† Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
‡ Two courſers of ethereal race,
§ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‖ Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
** But ah! 'tis heard no more—

* For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire-ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

§ Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Job.

‖ Words, that weep, and tears, that ſpeak. Cowley.

** We have had, in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his Choruſes—above all, in the laſt of Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

Oh!

Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes woul
Such forms, as glitter in the Mu
With orient hues, unborrow'd of
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate
Beneath the good how far—but fa

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. pares himſelf to that bird, and his that croak and clamour in vain below its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

'RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
'Confuſion on thy banners wait,
'Though, fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
'* They mock the air with idle ſtate.
'Helm, nor † hauberk's twiſted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail
'To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
Shakeſpeare's King John.

† The hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.

Such

Such were the ſounds, that o'er the * creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of † Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout ‡ Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms! cried § Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(‖ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
** Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

* — The creſted adder's pride. Dryden's Indian Queen.

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welſh themſelves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built by King Edward the firſt, ſays, "Ad "ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud "Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi "caſtrum forte."

‡ Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Gloceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edward.

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

‖ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel: there are two of theſe paintings (both believed original,) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

** Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the ſtormy main:
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'* On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd † eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.

* The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.

† Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welſh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Neſt*. That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]

' Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
' * Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
' Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries —
' No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
' On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
' I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
' Avengers of their native land:
' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
' And † weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy l

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
" The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
" Give ample room, and verge enough
" The characters of hell to trace.
" Mark the year, and mark the night,
" ‡ When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
" The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that
" Shrieks of an agonizing King!
" ‖ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That viſit my ſad heart — SHAKESP. Jul. Cæ
† See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.
‡ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berk caſtle.
‖ Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulte Queen.

" ?

"That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" * From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
" wait!
"Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" † Low on his funeral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obſequies.
"Is the ſable ‡ Warrior fled?
"Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
"The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?
"Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
"Fair ‖ laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
"That, hush'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

* Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

† Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.

‡ Edward the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his father.

‖ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froiſſard, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare:
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe!
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And through the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his ‖ Conſort's faith, his Father's § fame,
" And ſpare the meek ¶ Uſurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

‖ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The ſame of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above

"Above, below, the * roſe of ſnow,
"Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread:
"The briſtled † boar in infant-gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun).
"‡ Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
'Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
'Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
'In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
'They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
'But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
'Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
'Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
'Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!

* The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

† The ſilver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‖ Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

'No more our long-loſt * Arthur we bewail.
'All-hail, † ye genuine Kings; Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous Dames and Stateſmen old,
'In bearded majeſty, appear.
'In the midſt a Form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port ‡, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play;
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin ‖, hear;
'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay,

* It was the common belief of the Welſh nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the Houſe of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, 'And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the malapert 'orator no leſs with her ſtately port and majeſtical de-'porture, than with the tartneſſe of her princelie chekes.

‖ Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

'Bright

'Bright rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
'Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verſe adorn again
'Fierce War, and faithful Love,*
'And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
'In † buſkin'd meaſures move
'Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
'With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
'A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'‖ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
'That loſt in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: With joy I ſee
'The different doom our Fates aſſign.
'Be thine Deſpair, and ſcepter'd Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

*Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.
SPENSER'S *Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*
† Shakeſpeare. ‡ Milton.
‖ The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's time.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

* The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving "The Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry:" In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long ſince dropped his deſign, eſpecially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

PRE-

PREFACE.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithneſs, in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures, reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which, when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

THE

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begin s to lour,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
* Iron-ſleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grieſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies chuſers of the ſlain. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower— Milton's Par. Reg.

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakeſpeare's Jul. Cæſar.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda ſee,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence, with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

In BARTHOLINUS, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.

Onward

Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate;
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound,
PR. What call unknown, what charms preſ
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?
O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mi

PR. Mantling in the goblet, ſee
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the ſons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe:
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.
O. Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?
PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me, to repoſe.
O. Propheteſs, my ſpell obey.
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt.
PR. In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſt,
A wondrous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam;
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me, to repoſe.

O. Yet

That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe.
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PR. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of ſkill divi
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boaſt a
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till * Lok has burſt his tenfold ch
Never, till ſubſtantial night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the Evil Being, who cor
till the twilight of the gods approach

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

EVANS's Specimens of the Welſh Poetry.
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

WEN'S praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong;
t flower of Roderic's ſtem,
ŋyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
ɔr heaps his brooded ſtores,
ll profuſely pours;
of every regal art,
al hand, and open heart.
; with hoſts of mighty name,
lrons three againſt him came;
the force of Eirin hiding,
ɔy ſide as proudly riding,
ɛr ſhadow long and gay
:hlin plows the watery way;

)wen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principa-
f North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was
ıt near forty years afterwards.
North-Wales. ‡ Denmark.

There the Norman ſails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they ſweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntleſs on his native ſands
* The Dragon-ſon of Mona ſtands;
In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thundering ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and to ſhame fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * *

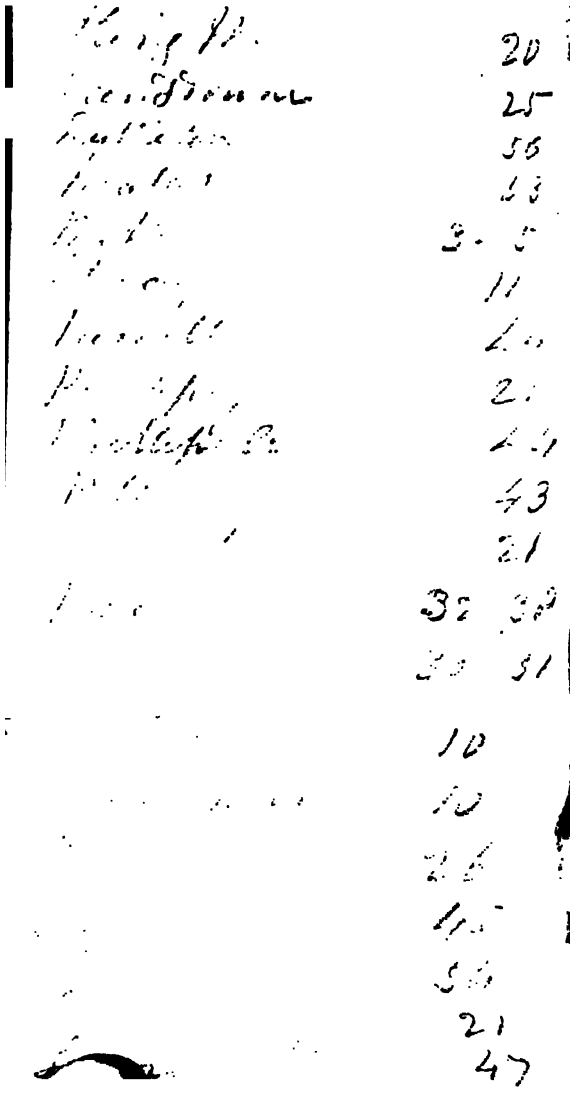
* The red dragon is the device of Cadwa which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

ONTENTS

OF

GRAY'S POEMS.

DE on the Spring, - - - Page 325
Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat, - 328
on a Diſtant Proſpect of Eton-College, - 330
in to Adverſity, - - - 335
y writtten in a Country Church-Yard, - 337
Epitaph, - - - - 341
Progreſs of Poeſy. A Pindaric Ode - 343
Bard. A Pindaric Ode, - - - 351
Fatal Siſters. An Ode, - - - 360
Deſcent of Odin. An Ode, - - 365
Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment, - 369

THE END OF GRAY'S POEMS.

	Vol 23
Addison	— 55
Kennedy	24
Blackmore	43
Broome	25
Buckingham	6-7
Butler	49
Collins	29
Congreve	1+2
Cowley	9
Denham	11
Dorset	13-19
Dryden	11
Duke	53
Dyer	29
Fenton	26
Garth	[illegible] 42
Gay	56
Gray	12
Halifax	[illegible]